

# WORDS FROM THE POETS

SELECTED BY  
C. M. VAUGHAN



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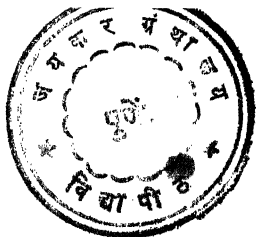


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## PREFACE.

THE special object of the little work here given to the public must be its apology for adding one more to the already numerous volumes of selections from the poets.

It has been felt of late years that the children of our parochial schools, and those classes of our countrymen which they commonly represent, are capable of being interested, and therefore benefited also, by something higher in the scale of poetical composition than those brief and somewhat puerile fragments to which their knowledge was formerly restricted.

The attempt has been made to form here a selection at once various and unambitious ; healthy in tone, just in sentiment, elevating in thought, beautiful in expression. Nothing has been admitted



which appear to be, either in idea or language, beyond the capacity of one who has gone through the classes of a well-instructed National School: nor has anything been rejected merely because it might be judged, in point of refinement or beauty, to rise above the common level of persons so educated.

If the effect of this publication be but to introduce one purer thought or one higher aspiration into a home weary with toil or dark with care, the object of the compiler will have been answered, and the kindness of those authors and publishers who have consented to this use of their works will have been as well rewarded as it is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

C. M. V.

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*THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.*

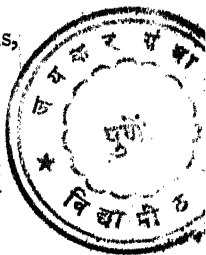
● The noon was shady, and soft airs  
Swept Ouse's silent tide,  
When, 'scaped from literary cares,  
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,  
And high in pedigree,  
(Two nymphs, adorned with every grace,  
That spaniel found for me)

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,  
Now starting into sight,  
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads  
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed  
His lilies newly blown;  
Their beauties I intent surveyed,  
And one I wished my own.

Still n cane extended, far I sought  
More 'eer it close to land;  
As the louhe prize, though nearly caught,  
Serves bumy eager hand.



*Beau* marked my unsuccessful pains,  
With fixt considerate face,  
And puzzling set his puppy brains  
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,  
Dispersing all his dream,  
I thence withdrew, and followed long  
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finished, I returned,  
*Beau* trotting far before,  
The floating wreath again discerned,  
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped,  
Impatient to swim to meet  
My quick approach, and soon he dropped  
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, the world, I cried,  
Shall hear of this thy deed :  
My dog shall mortify the pride  
Of man's superior breed :

But chief myself I will enjoin,  
Awake at duty's call,  
To show a love as prompt as thine,  
To Him who gives me all.

*Cooper.*

THE POET, THE OYSTER, AND THE  
SENSITIVE PLANT.

An oyster, cast upon the shore,  
Was heard, though never heard before,  
Complaining in a speech well worded,  
And worthy thus to be recorded—  
“Ah, hapless wretch! condemned to dwell  
For ever in my native shell;  
Ordained to move when others please,  
Not for my own content or ease;  
But tossed and buffeted about,  
Now *in* the water, and now *out*.  
'Twere better to be born a stone,  
Of ruder shape, and feeling none,  
Than with a tenderness like mine,  
And sensibilities so fine!  
I envy that unfeeling shrub,  
Fast rooted against every rub.”  
The plant he meant grew not far off,  
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;  
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,  
And with asperity replied.—  
(When cry the botanists, and stare,  
Did plants called sensitive grow there?)

No matter when—a poet's muse is,—  
To make them grow just where she chooses.)  
“You shapeless nothing in a dish,  
You that are but almost a fish,  
I scorn your coarse insinuation,  
And have most plentiful occasion  
To wish myself the rock I view,  
Or such another dolt as you ;  
For many a grave and learned clerk,  
And many a gay unlettered spark,  
With curious touch examines me,  
If I can feel as well as he ;  
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,  
Says—‘ Well, ’tis more than one would think !’  
Thus life is spent (oh fie upon’t !)  
In being touched, and crying—Don’t !”

A poet, in his evening walk,  
O’erheard and checked this idle talk.  
“And your fine sense,” he said, “and yours,  
Whatever evil it endures,  
Deserves not, if so soon offended,  
Much to be pitied or commended.  
Disputes, though short, are far too long,  
Where both alike are in the wrong ;  
Your feelings in their full amount,  
Are all upon your own account.  
You, in your grotto work enclosed,  
Complain of being thus exposed ;  
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,  
Save when the knife is at your throat,

Wherever driven by wind or tide,  
Exempt from every ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,  
Who reckon every touch a blemish,  
If all the plants, that can be found  
Embellishing the scene around,  
Should droop and wither where they grow,  
You would not feel at all—not you.  
The noblest minds their virtue prove  
By pity, sympathy, and love :  
These, these are feelings truly fine,  
And prove their owner half divine.”

His censure reached them as he dealt it,  
And each, by shrinking, showed he felt it.

*Cowper.*

*THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.*

A Nightingale, that all day long  
Had cheered the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite ;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;

So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.  
The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—  
“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,  
“As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song ;  
For ’twas the self-same power divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night.”  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And warbling out his approbation,  
Released him, as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn  
Their real interest to discern ;  
That brother should not war with brother,  
And worry and devour each other ;  
But sing and shine by sweet consent,  
Till life’s poor transient night is spent,  
Respecting in each other’s case,  
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,  
Who studiously make peace their aim ;  
Peace both the duty and the prize  
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

*Cowper.*

*ON A GOLDFINCH STARVED TO DEATH  
IN HIS CAGE.*

Time was when I was free as air,  
The thistle's downy seed my fare,  
My drink the morning dew ;  
I perched at will on every spray,  
My form genteel, my plumage gay,  
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,  
And form genteel, were all in vain,  
And of a transient date ;  
For caught and caged, and starved to death,  
In dying sighs my little breath  
Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,  
And thanks for this effectual close,  
And cure of every ill !  
More cruelty could none express ;  
And I, if you had shown me less,  
Had been your prisoner still.

*Crowper.*



*THE POPLAR FIELD.*

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,  
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;

The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,  
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took  
 a view

Of my favourite field, and the bank where they  
 grew ;

And now in the grass behold they are laid,  
 And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a  
 shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,  
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the  
 heat ;

And the scene, where his melody charmed me  
 before, *Plow*

Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they ;

With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my  
head,  
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy  
employs,  
I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys ;  
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,  
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than  
we.

*Cowper.*

*THE ROSE.*

The rose had been washed, just washed in a  
shower,  
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,  
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,  
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,  
And it seemed to a fanciful view,  
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,  
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,  
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !  
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.



And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part  
Some act by the delicate mind,  
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile,  
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,  
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

*Cowper.*

### VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK,  
DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE ON A DESERT ISLAND.

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute ;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
Oh, Solitude ! where are the charms,  
That sages have seen in thy face ?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts, that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see ;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestowed upon man,  
Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again !  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word !  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me ?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there ;  
But, alas ! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought !  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

*Cowper.*

*THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.*

● The pine-apples in triple row,  
Were basking hot, and all in blow ;  
A bee of most discerning taste  
Perceived the fragrance as he passed ;  
On eager wing the spoiler came,  
And searched for crannies in the frame,  
Urged his attempt on every side,  
To every pane his trunk applied ;  
But still in vain, the frame was tight,  
And only pervious to the light :  
Thus, having wasted half the day,  
He trimmed his flight another way.

Methinks, I said, in thee I find  
The sin and madness of mankind.  
To joys forbidden man aspires,  
Consumes his soul with vain desires ;  
Folly the spring of his pursuit,  
And disappointment all the fruit.

\* \* \* \* \*

The maid, who views with pensive air  
The show-glass fraught with glittering ware,  
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and locketts,  
But sighs at thought of empty pockets ;

Like thine, her appetite is keen,  
But ah, the cruel glass between !

Our dear delights are often such,  
Exposed to view, but not to touch ;  
The sight our foolish heart inflames,  
We long for pine-apples in frames ;  
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers ;  
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers ;  
But they, whom truth and wisdom lead,  
Can gather honey from a weed.

*Cowper.*

*ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S  
PICTURE.*

Oh that those lips had language ! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see  
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;  
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,  
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fear  
away !”

\* \* \* \* \*

My Mother ! when I learned that thou was  
dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss ;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah that maternal smile ! It answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away ;  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
But was it such ?—It was. Where thou art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more !  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.  
What ardently I wished, I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.  
By disappointment every day beguiled,  
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot,  
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no  
more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;  
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,



'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own  
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou mightest know me safe and warmly laid  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and  
glowed ;

All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks  
That humour interposed too often makes ;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed  
here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the  
hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissue flowers  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I pricked them into paper with a pin,  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and  
smile)

Could those few pleasant hours again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them  
here ?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems to be so desired, perhaps I might.—  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Cowper.*

### *THE WINTER MORNING WALK.*

'Tis morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb  
Ascending, fires the horizon ; while the clouds,  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
Resemble most some city in a blaze,  
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray  
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,  
From every herb and every spiry blade  
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.  
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,

In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance  
I view the muscular proportioned limb  
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless  
pair,

As they designed to mock me, at my side  
Take step for step ; and, as I near approach  
The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,  
Preposterous sight ! the legs without the man.  
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents,  
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,  
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.  
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep  
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
Their wonted fodder ; not, like hungering man  
Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,  
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.  
He from the stack carves out the accustomed  
load,

Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,  
His broad keen knife into the solid mass :  
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,  
With such undeviating and even force  
He severs it away : no needless care,  
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile

Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.  
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned  
The cheerful haunts of men, to wield the axe  
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,  
From morn to eve his solitary task.

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,  
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half  
cur,

His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a  
frisk

Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;  
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for  
joy.

\* \* \* \*

Now from the roost, or from the neighbouring  
pale,

Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam  
Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,  
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known  
call

The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing,  
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,  
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering  
eaves,

To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye  
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved  
To escape the impending famine, often scared

As oft return, a pert voracious kind.  
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care  
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,  
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned  
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes  
His wonted strut ; and wading at their head  
With well-considered steps, seems to resent  
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.  
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer  
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs  
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now ?  
Earth yields them nought ; the imprisoned worn  
is safe

Beneath the frozen clod ; all seeds of herbs  
Lie covered close ; and berry-bearing thorns,  
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose)  
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.  
The long protracted rigour of the year,  
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and  
holes

Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,  
As instinct prompts ; self-buried ere they die.

*Cowper.*

*THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased  
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave ;  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is' touched within us, and the heart replies.  
How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !  
With easy force it opens all the cells  
Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard  
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.  
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,  
That in a few short moments I retrace  
(As in a map the voyager his course)  
The windings of my way through many years.  
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,  
It seemed not always short ; the rugged path.  
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,  
Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.  
Yet feeling present evils, while the past

Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,  
How readily we wish time spent revoked,  
That we might try the ground again, where once  
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)  
We missed that happiness we might have found  
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend  
A father, whose authority, in show  
When most severe, and mustering all its force,  
Was but the graver countenance of love ;  
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might  
    lower,  
And utter now and then an awful voice,  
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,  
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.  
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand,  
That reared us. At a thoughtless age, allured  
By every gilded folly, we renounced  
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent  
That converse, which we now in vain regret.  
How gladly would the man recall to life  
The boy's neglected sire ! a mother too,  
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,  
Might he demand them at the gates of death.  
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and  
    tamed  
The playful humour ; he could now endure,  
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)  
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.  
But not to understand a treasure's worth  
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,

Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
And makes the world the wilderness it is.  
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,  
And, seeking grace to improve the prize they  
hold,

Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter in his roughest mood ;  
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the northern  
blast,

The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.

Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;  
And through the trees I view the embattled  
tower,

Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
And settle in soft musings as I tread  
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
Whose outspread branches over-arch the glade.

\* \* \* \* \*

No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
The red-breast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half sup-  
pressed :

Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes



From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,  
 That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
 Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here the  
     heart  
 May give an useful lesson to the head,  
 And learning wiser grow without his books.

*Cowper.*

*THE DESERTED VILLAGE.*

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring  
     swain,  
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed ;  
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could  
     please ;  
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !  
 How often have I paused on every charm,  
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,

The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill ;

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,

For talking age, and whispering lovers made !

How often have I blest the coming day,

When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And all the village train, from labour free,

Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !

While many a pastime circled in the shade,

The young contending, as the old surveyed ;

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,

And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round ;

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,

Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.

The dancing pair that simply sought renown,

By holding out to tire each other down ;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,

While secret laughter tittered round the place ;

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love ;

The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove ;

These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,

With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please ;

These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,

These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-  
drawn ;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green ;  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But choked with sedges works its weedy way ;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;  
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall :  
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's  
hand,

Far, far away thy children leave the land.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings through this world of  
care,

In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned  
skill ;

Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
And, as a hare when hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's  
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingled notes came softened from below ;  
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school,  
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whisper-  
ing wind,

And the loud laugh that spake the vacant mind ;  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
But all the blooming flush of life is fled ;  
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;  
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden  
smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place dis-  
close,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was, to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year,  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his  
place ;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims  
allowed ;

The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields  
were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned  
to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for  
all.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies ;  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to  
raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
Even children followed, with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's  
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares  
distressed;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the  
storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are  
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the  
way,

With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew.  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face:  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,

Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;  
The village all declared how much he knew ;  
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides pre-  
sage,

And even the story ran that he could gauge ;  
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue  
still ;

While words of learned length, and thundering  
sound,

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head should carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head so high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing  
eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts  
inspired,

Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil, retired ;  
Where village statesmen talked with looks pro-  
found,

And news, much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace,

The parlour-splendours of that festive place ;

The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,



Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray  
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Imagination fondly stoops to trace,  
The parlour-splendours of that festive place ;  
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind  
door ;

The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;  
The pictures, placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game  
goose ;

The hearth, except when winter chilled the c  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel ;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloomed  
parting day,

That called them from their native walks aw  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked t  
last,

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main  
And shuddering still to face the distant deep  
Returned and wept, and still returned to we  
The good old sire, the first prepared to go,  
To new found worlds, and wept for others' w  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave  
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints, the mother spoke her woes,  
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose ;  
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a  
tear,

And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;  
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done ;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the  
sail,

That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band !  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Goldsmith.*

*THE BLIND BOY.*

O say what is that thing called Light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;  
What are the blessings of the sight,  
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright ;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make  
Whene'er I sleep or play ;  
And could I ever keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe ;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy ;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

*Cibber.*

*THE HERMIT.*

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;  
Remote from men, with God he passed the  
days,

Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seemed Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;  
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway ;  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :  
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.  
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
To find if books, or swains, report it right,

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly  
dew)

He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
And fixed the scallop in his hat before ;  
Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;  
But when the southern sun had warmed the  
day,

A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.  
Then, near approaching, "Father, hail !" he  
cried,

"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied ;  
Words followed words, from question answer  
flowed,

And talk of various kind beguiled the road ;  
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart.

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.  
Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose ;

When near the road a stately palace rose :  
There by the moon through ranks of trees they  
pass,

Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of  
grass.

It chanced the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wandering strangers'  
home ;

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive ; the liveried servants wait :  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish  
sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;  
An early banquet decked the splendid hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,  
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.  
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they  
go ;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;  
His cup was vanished ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,  
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,



Then walks with faintness on, and looks with  
fear ;

So seemed the sire ; when far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partner showed. *summing*  
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling  
heart, 346267

And much he wished, but durst not ask to part ;  
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory  
shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;  
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair  
retreat,

To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;  
Its owner's temper, *timorous* and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;  
The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.  
At length some pity warmed the master's breast,  
( 'Twas then his threshold first received a guest )  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,

346267

And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;  
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls ;  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
Each hardly granted) served them both to dine ;  
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,  
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit  
viewed,  
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
'And why should such," within himself he  
cried,

'Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?'  
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,  
In every settling feature of his face ;  
When from his vest the young companion bore  
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,  
And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;  
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day ;  
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom  
wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought ;  
His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here ;

- Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,  
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,  
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great ;  
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,  
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet ;  
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,  
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;  
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,  
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."  
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,  
When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with  
prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,  
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,  
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,  
And writhed his neck : the landlord's little  
pride, "

strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and died.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !

How looked our hermit when the fact was done ;  
Not Hell, tho' Hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
and breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,

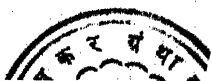
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay  
perplexed with roads, a servant show'd the way ;  
A river crossed the path : the passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;  
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,  
and deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,  
approached the careless guide, and thrust him  
in ;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries :  
Detested wretch !"—But scarce his speech  
began, *He had extremely*

When the strange partner seemed no longer  
man :

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his  
feet ;



Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air ;  
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion  
grew,  
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;  
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke  
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;  
These charms, success in our bright region find,  
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;  
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky,  
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
In this the right of Providence is laid ;  
Its sacred majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work his ends :  
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
The power exerts his attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“What strange events can strike with more  
surprise,  
than those which lately struck thy wondering  
eyes?

Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,  
and where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

“The great, vain man, who fared on costly  
food,

whose life was too luxurious to be good;  
who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,  
and forced his guests to morning draughts of  
wine,

as, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
and still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted  
door

ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;  
with him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
that Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Unconscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
and feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
with heaping coals of fire upon its head;  
and the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
and loose from dross the silver runs below.

“Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
but now the child half weaned his heart from  
God;

Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,  
and measured back his steps to Earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run ?  
But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

“But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back ;  
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail !  
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind ; this trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.

Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,  
His Master took the chariot of the sky ;  
The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;  
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,  
“*Lord ! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be  
done.*”

Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
And passed a life of piety and peace.

*Parnell.*

*AULD ROBIN GRAY.*

(SCOTCH DIALECT.)

Then the sheep are in the fauld,\* and the kye†  
at hame,  
and all the world to sleep are gane,  
the woes of my heart fall in showers frae‡  
my e'e,  
while my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for  
his bride,  
at saving a crown he had naething mair beside.  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to  
sea;  
and the crown and the pound were baith for  
me!

He hadna been gane a week but only twa,  
when my father brak his arm, and our cow  
was stown§ awa;  
my mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at  
the sea;  
and auld Robin Gray came a-courting me!

Fold.

† Cows.

‡ From.

§ Stolen.



My father couldna work, my mother couldna  
spin ;  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna  
win ;  
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears  
in his ee,  
Said : " Jeanie for their sakes, will you no  
marry me ? "

My heart it said na—I look'd for Jamie back ;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was  
a wrack ;  
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jeanie  
dee ?  
Oh ! why do I live to say " Wae's me ? "

My father argued sair ; my mother didna speak,  
But she looked in my face, till my heart was  
like to break ;  
So they gi'ed him my hand, though my heart  
was at the sea ;  
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When, mournful as I sat on the stane at the  
door,

saw my Jamie's wraith,\* I couldna think it he,  
ill he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to  
marry thee."

1 sair did we greet,† and mickle‡ did we  
say;

e took but ae kiss and we tore ourselves  
away.

wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
1! why was I born to say, "Wae's me!"

gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,  
darena think on Jamie, for that would be a  
sin:

t I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
r auld Robin Gray, is a kind gudeman to  
me.

*Lady Anne Lindsay.*

\* Spirit.

† Weep.

‡ Much.

*I DREAMT I LAY.*

I dreamt I lay where flowers were springing  
Gaily in the sunny beam ;  
Listening to the wild birds singing,  
By a falling, crystal stream :  
Straight the sky grew black and daring ;  
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave :  
Trees with aged arms were warring,  
O'er the swelling, drumlie \* wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
Such the pleasures I enjoyed ;  
But long e'er noon, loud tempests storming,  
All my flowery bliss destroyed.  
Though fickle fortune has deceived me,  
She promised fair, and performed but ill.  
Of many a joy and hope bereaved me,  
I bear a heart shall support me still.

*Burns.**MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not  
here ;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the highlands wherever I go.

\* Troubled.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with  
snow ;

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not  
here :

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go !

*Burns.*

### *THE LAZY MIST.*

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;  
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly  
appear,

As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year !  
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown :

Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
How quick time is flying, how keen fate  
pursues ;  
How long I have lived, but how much lived in  
vain :  
How little of life's scanty span may remain :  
What aspects, old Time, in his progress has  
worn ;  
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.  
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained !  
And downward, how weakened, how darkened,  
how pained !  
This life's not worth having with all it can give,  
For something beyond it poor man sure must  
live.

*Burns.*

*MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.*

Musing on the roaring ocean  
Which divides my love and me ;  
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,  
For his weal, where'er he be.

Hope and fears alternate billow  
Yielding late to nature's law ;  
Whispering spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear ;  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;  
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa !

*Burns.*

*TO MARY IN HEAVEN.*

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary ! dear departed shade !  
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love ?

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past ;

Thy image at our last embrace ;

Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green ;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

'Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care !

Time but the impression deeper makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade !

Where is thy blissful place of rest ?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast !

*Burns.*

*THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE  
COUNTRY.*

The gloomy night is gathering fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain ;  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scattered coveys meet secure,  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn  
By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;  
Though death in every shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear :



But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierced with many a wound:  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !  
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !  
My peace with these, my love with those,  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

*Burns.*

### *WINTER.*

The wintry west extends his blast,  
And hail and rain does blaw ;  
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth  
The blinding sleet and snaw :  
While, tumbling brown, the burn\* comes down,  
And roars frae bank to brae :  
And bird and beast in covert rest  
And pass the heartless day.

\* Brook.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,  
The joyless winter day,  
Let others fear, to me more dear  
Than all the pride of May :  
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,  
● My griefs it seems to join :  
The leafless trees my fancy please,  
Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme  
These woes of mine fulfil,  
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,  
Because they are Thy will !  
Then all I want (Oh ! do thou grant  
This one request of mine !)  
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,  
Assist me to resign.

*Burns.*

*BONNIE BELL.*

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,  
And surly Winter grimly flies :  
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,  
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;  
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the  
morning,  
The evening gilds the ocean's swell ;  
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,  
And yellow Autumn presses near,  
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,  
Till smiling Spring again appear.  
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,  
But never ranging, still unchanging  
I adore my bonnie Bell.

*Burns.*

*CONTENTMENT.*

My mind to me a kingdom is ;  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
That world affords, or grows by kind :  
Though much I want what most men have,  
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice—  
I press to bear no haughty sway ;  
Look—what I lack my mind supplies.  
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers oft do fall ;  
I see how those that sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;  
They get—they toil—they spend with care :  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
I grudge not at another's gain ;  
No worldly wave my mind can toss ;  
I brook that is another's pain.  
I fear no foe—I scorn no friend :  
I dread no death—I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;  
I little have, yet seek no more :  
They are but poor—though much they have,  
And I am rich—with little store.  
They poor, I rich : they beg, I give :  
They lack, I lend : they pine, I live.

I wish not what I have at will :  
I wander not to seek for more :  
I like the plain ; I climb no hill :  
In greatest storm I sit on shore,  
And laugh at those that toil in vain,  
To get what must be lost again.  
This is my choice ; for why—I find  
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

*Ancient Song.*

*PEACE.*

My soul, there is a country,  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry,  
All skilful in the wars ;  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger,  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend :  
And, (oh, my soul awake !)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst but get thither,  
There grows the flower of peace ;  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure,  
But One who never changes,  
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure !

*Henry Vaughan.*

*THE MINSTREL.*

\* \* \* \*

But who the melodies of morn can tell?  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain  
     side ;  
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;  
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal  
     grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrims bark ;  
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid  
     sings :  
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and  
     hark !  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon  
     rings ;  
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished  
     springs ;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower !  
 And shrill lark carols from her aërial tower.

\* \* \* \*

*Beattie.*

*GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.*

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield !  
Hark to Nature's lesson, given  
By the blessed birds of heaven ;  
Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy :  
" Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow !

" Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle than the rose ?  
Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we poor citizens of air ?  
Barns, nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carol merrily.  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow !

" One there lives, whose guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny :  
One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers, lest they fall.  
Pass we blithely then the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;  
God provideth for the morrow ! "

*Reginald Heber.*



## SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,  
That bids a blithe good-morrow ;  
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,  
To the soothing song of sorrow.  
O Nightingale ! what doth she ail ?  
And is she sad or jolly !  
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth  
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,  
No worldly thought o'ertakes him ;  
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,  
And the daylight that awakes him.  
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,  
The nightingale is trilling ;  
With feeling bliss, no less than his,  
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon a sigh  
Peers through her lavish mirth ;  
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,  
And her's is of the earth.  
By day and night she tunes her lay,  
To drive away all sorrow ;  
For bliss, alas ! to night must pass,  
And woe may come to-morrow.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

*BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE  
AT CORUNNA, 1809.*

It was heard, not a funeral note,  
To the rampart we hurried;  
He discharged his farewell shot,  
In the grave where our hero we buried.

He lay darkly, at dead of night,  
With our bayonets turning;  
The gleaming moonbeam's misty light,  
The lantern dimly burning.

The coffin enclosed his breast,  
Heet nor in shroud we wound him;  
Like a warrior taking his rest,  
The martial cloak around him.

None were the prayers we said,  
He spoke not a word of sorrow;  
He steadfastly gazed on the face that was  
Dead,  
With bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er  
his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory !

*Wolfe.*

When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
O ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone ?

*Moore.*

*OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.*

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me ;  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken ;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken !  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed !  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

*Moore**THOSE EVENING BELLS.*

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away ;  
And many a heart, that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

*Moore.*

*PEACE BE AROUND THEE.*

Peace be around thee, wherever thou ro'v'st ;  
May life be for thee one summer's day,  
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou  
lov'st,  
Come smiling around thy sunny way !  
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
Like spring-showers, they'll only make  
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
And daily dooms some joy to death,  
O'er thee let years so gently fall,  
They shall not crush one flower beneath.  
As half in shade and half in sun  
This world along its path advances,  
May that side the sun's upon,  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

*Moore.*

*CANADIAN BOAT SONG.*

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time ;  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast ;  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon :  
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,  
Oh ! grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs !  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

*Moore.*

*HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.*

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;  
Or then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays  
Along the smooth wave toward the burning  
west,  
Long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of  
rest.

*Moore.*

*THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.*

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.  
So loath we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us :  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us !



When, round the bowl, of vanished years  
We talk, with joyous seeming,  
With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming ;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
Oh ! sweet's the cup that circles then,  
To those we've left behind us !

And, when in other climes, we meet  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flowery wild and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting ;  
We think how great had been our bliss,  
If Heaven had but assigned us,  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave,  
Still faint behind them glowing ;—  
So when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consigned us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

*Moore.*



*THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.*

Twilight's soft dewes steal o'er the village-green,  
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.  
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,  
When round the ruins of their ancient oak  
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,  
And games and carols closed the busy day.  
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more  
With treasured tales, and legendary lore.  
All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows  
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.  
All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !  
What secret charms this silent spot endear ?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the  
trees,

Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.  
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,  
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.  
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown  
court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;  
When all things pleased, for life itself was new,  
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment revealed,  
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,

The martin's old, hereditary nest,  
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !

Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !

That hall, where once, in antiquated state,

The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dew, with cobwebs darkly  
hung,

Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;

When round yon ample board, in due degree,

We sweetened every meal with social glee.

The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;

And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound ;

And turned the blindfold hero round and round.

'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring ;

And fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.

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As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,  
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.

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As through the garden's desert paths I rove,  
What fond illusions swarm in every grove !  
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,  
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;  
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,  
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !

How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive  
rhyme,

The bark now silvered by the touch of Time ;  
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,  
Through sister elms that waved their summer-  
shade ;

Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,  
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

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The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses  
grey,

Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,

Quickening my truant feet across the lawn ;

Unheard the shout that rent the noon-tide air,

When the slow dial gave a pause to care.

Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,

Some little friendship formed and cherished  
here ;

And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems

With golden visions and romantic dreams !

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But hark ! through those old firs, with sullen  
swell,

The church-clock strikes ! ye tender scenes,  
farewell !

It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace

The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon grey stone, that fronts the chancel  
door,

Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,  
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,  
When the heart danced, and life was in its  
spring,

Alas ! unconscious of the kindred earth,  
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald-light to shed  
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.  
Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,  
He lectured every youth that round him played :  
And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,  
Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.  
Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here  
alone

I search the records of each mouldering stone.  
Guides of my life ! Instructors of my youth !  
Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth !  
Whose every word enlightened and endeared ;  
In age beloved, in poverty revered ;  
In Friendship's silent register ye live,  
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure  
sleep,  
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,  
What spells entrance my visionary mind  
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined ?

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lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden  
chain ;

Awake but one, and, lo ! what myriads rise !  
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

• \* \* \* \*  
*Rogers.*

*A WISH.*

Mine be a cot beside a hill ;  
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
A willowy brook that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;  
And, Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze  
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

*Rogers.*

*THE SAILOR.*

The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its lessening turrets blueely fade ;  
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more  
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah ! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,  
Its colours mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Through all the horrors of the stormy main ;  
This, the last wish that would with life depart,  
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

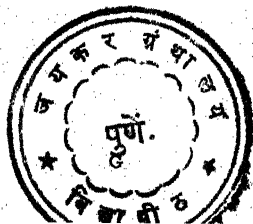
When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the  
wave ;  
When sea and sky in midnight-darkness join,  
Still, still he sees the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,  
Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;  
And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled  
soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide ;  
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo ! at last he comes with crowded sail !  
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend !  
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale !  
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself ! she waves her hand !  
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled ;  
Soon through the whitening surge he springs  
on land,  
And clasps the maid he singled from the  
world.

*Rogers.*



*THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.*

Our bugles sang truce—for the night cloud ha  
lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in th  
sky ;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground over  
powered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded th  
slain ;  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;  
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the  
way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed  
me back.

flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was  
    young ;  
heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-  
    reapers sung.

hen pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I  
    swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never  
    to part ;  
y little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of  
    heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and  
    worn ;”  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to  
    stay ;—  
it sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted  
    away.

*Campbell.*



*YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.*

Ye Mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave :  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep :  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy tempests blow :  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

*Campbell.*

*HOHENLINDEN.\**

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.

\* A battle fought in Germany on the 3d December, 1800.

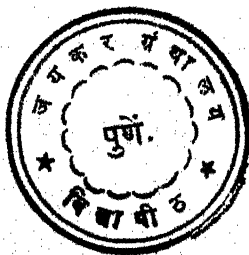
But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow,  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !  
The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

*Campbell.*



*THE IRISH HARPER AND HIS DOG.*

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah  
was nigh,  
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;  
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to  
part,  
She said—while the sorrow was big at her  
heart—  
“O! remember your Sheelah, when far, far  
away,  
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog  
Tray.”

Poor dog! he was faithful, and kind, to be sure,  
And he constantly loved me, although I was  
poor ;  
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless  
away,  
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

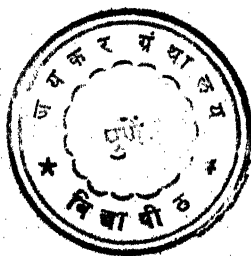
When the road was so dark, and the night was  
so cold,  
and Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,  
how snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,  
and he licked me for kindness—my poor dog  
• Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his  
case,  
nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;  
but he died at my feet one cold winter's day,  
and I played a sad lament for my poor dog  
Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?  
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and  
kind?

O my sweet native village, so far, far away,  
can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

*Campbell.*





*EXILE OF ERIN.\**

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight re-  
pairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of "Erin go bragh."†

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the  
sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of "Erin go bragh !"

\* Ireland.

† Ireland for Ever.

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no  
more !

Oh, cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can  
chase me ?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?  
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?  
Where is the mother that looked on my child-  
hood ?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than  
all ?

Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?  
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without  
measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :  
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !  
Land of my forefathers ! Erin-go-bragh !

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with de-  
 votion,

Erin mavournin,\*—Erin-go-bragh !

*Campbell.*

### *THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.*

O leave this barren spot to me !  
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !  
 Though bush or floweret never grow  
 My dark unwarming shade below ;  
 Nor summer bud perfume the dew  
 Of rosy blush, or yellow hue ;  
 Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,  
 My green and glossy leaves adorn ;  
 Nor murmuring tribes from me derive  
 Th' ambrosial amber of the hive ;  
 Yet leave this barren spot to me ;  
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen  
 The sky grow bright, the forest green ;  
 And many a wintry wind have stood  
 In bloomless, fruitless solitude,

\* Ireland my Darling.

Since childhood in my pleasant bower  
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,  
Since youthful lovers in my shade  
Their vows of truth and rapture made ;  
And on my trunk's surviving frame  
Carved many a long-forgotten name.  
Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,  
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;  
By all that Love has whispered here,  
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear ;  
As Love's own altar honour me :  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

*Campbell.*

*LINES*

*Written on visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

t the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,  
n the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the  
bower,  
Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
ll ruined and wild is their roofless abode,  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree :  
nd travelled by few is the grass-covered road,  
Here the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been.  
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,  
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace,  
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,  
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all  
That remains in this desolate heart !  
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,  
But patience shall never depart !  
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,  
In the days of delusion by fancy combined  
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,  
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns  
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;  
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems,  
A thousand wild waves on the shore !

\* \* \* \*

*Campbell.*

*THE RAINY DAY.*

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
The rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
The rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

*Longfellow.*

Handwritten notes in Chinese characters, likely a student's transcription or commentary, covering the bottom third of the page.

*THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.*

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees its close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.



Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought !  
*Longfellow.*

*A PSALM OF LIFE.*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream !  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

● In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act—act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

*Longfellow.*



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*THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.*

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he ;  
“Have nought but the bearded grain !  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

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"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

*Longfellow.*

*THE BRIDGE.*

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon. .

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean,  
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,  
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often—O, how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,  
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often—O, how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom,  
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

■ But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea ;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odour of brine from the ocean,  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro ;  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow !

And for ever and for ever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection,  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

*Longfellow.*

*THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.*

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient time-piece says to all—  
“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever ! ”

\*

\*

\*

\*

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber door—  
“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever ! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe—

“For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeletons at the feast,  
That warning time-piece never ceased—

“For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;  
Oh precious hours! Oh golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—

“For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!”



From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair—

“ For ever—never !

Never—for ever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ! ”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient time-piece makes reply—

“ For ever—never !

Never—for ever ! ”

Never here—for ever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
For ever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly—

“ For ever—never !

Never—for ever ! ”

*Longfellow.*

*RESIGNATION.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours  
Amid these earthly damps ;  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;

This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution  
She lives, whom we call dead.

\* \* \* \*

Not as a child shall we again behold her,  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

nd though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
he swelling heart heaves moaning like the  
ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

●

He will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
In silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

*Longfellow.*

*THE OPEN WINDOW.*

The old house by the lindens\*  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravelled pathway  
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air !  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

\* Lime-trees.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
Was standing by the door ;  
He looked for his little playmates,  
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
They played not in the hall ;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,  
Were hanging over all. *The fire was*

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet, familiar tone ;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

*Longfellow.*

*A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.*

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee,  
Oh, gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass ;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they ;  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born !”  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leav  
That on the window lay.

\* \* \* \*

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;  
Thou art no longer here ;  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

*Longfellow.*

*FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.*

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !



They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

*Longfellow*

*THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.*

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
With his pipe in his mouth ;  
And watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main :  
" I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

" Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see !"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

*W. J. 2nd 1866*

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the North-east ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale,  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be ?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be ?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot save  
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be ?"  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face to the skies ;  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming  
snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves,  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She tilted a dreary wreck, *ship*  
And a sweeping billow swept the crew  
Like chimes from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts, went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow !  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

*Longfellow.*

*EXCELSIOR.*

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner, with the strange device,  
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior !

“O stay!” the maiden said, “and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!”  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!”  
This was the peasant’s last good-night!  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner, with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and grey,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

*Longfellow.*

*SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.*

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me ; bathed in  
light,  
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the grey mist thrust up its shattered  
lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade ;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,—



And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland  
fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout,  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, the  
smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingy  
broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep  
Go to the woods and hills !—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

*Longfellow.*

*THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.*

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay !  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp,  
And a blood-hound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the wisps and glow-worms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake ;  
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine  
Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green morass  
He crouched, in the rank and tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;  
Great scars deformed his face ;  
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free ;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
From the morning of his birth ;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
And struck him to the earth !

*Longfellow.*

*GOD'S ACRE.*

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's Acre ! It is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in their  
hearts,  
Their bread of life ; alas ! no more their  
own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again,  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain ;

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers which never bloomed on  
earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the  
sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place, where human harvests grow !  
*Longfellow.*

*AUTUMN IN AMERICA.*

With what a glory comes and goes the year !  
The buds of Spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;  
And when the silver habit of the clouds

Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits;  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillowed clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside aweary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel ; whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings ;  
And merrily, with oft repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing floor the busy flail.

O, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart goes forth,  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent !

or him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
all have a voice, and give him eloquent  
teachings ;  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
to his long resting-place without a tear.

*Longfellow.*

*TWILIGHT.*

The twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness,  
To see some form arise.



And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
Drive the colour from her cheek ?

*Longfellow.*

#### *THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.*

We sat within the farm-house old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port—  
The strange, old fashioned, silent town,—  
The lighthouse,—the dismantled fort,—  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room ;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
When first they feel, with secret pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark ;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire,  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap, and then expire.



And, as their splendour flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—  
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—  
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—  
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain,—  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !  
They were indeed too much akin,  
The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

*Longfellow.*

*THE FIRST DEPARTURE.*

How grand, oh sea, thou lonely sea,  
Is all thy wandering water ;  
But yet thou bearest far from me  
My boy of song and laughter.

The boy who filled his mother's home  
With life and joy and gladness,  
Thou bearest on thy mighty waste,  
And leav'st but tears and sadness.

How grand, old sea, thy lonely waves,  
How far the shores it laveth ;  
Yet to those shores thou bear'st away  
The boy my spirit craveth.

I miss him at our morning praise,  
I miss him at our prayer,  
I miss him at the Sunday church,—  
My boy, you are not there.

Oh sea, thou sea, thou lonely sea,  
That bear'st my child away,  
His name will aye be mentioned here  
Each passing hour of day.

Remembered in our constant prayer,  
Which, God, we raise to Thee ;  
Oh still preserve Thy ransomed child,  
That we with Thee may be.

Oh sea, oh sea, oh lonely sea,  
Bring back upon thy water,  
Before death's hand shall part from me  
My boy of song and laughter.

But greater far than thou, oh sea,  
Is He who lives in heaven,  
And He will keep my child for me,  
Through grace unfailing given.

*Rev. E. Monro.*

*THE CONVICT SHIP.*

Morn on the waters !—and purple and bright  
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;  
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
See, the tall vessel goes gallantly on.  
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in  
the gale ;  
The winds come around her with murmur and  
song,  
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along :  
See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :  
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
Over the waters—away, and away !  
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !  
Who,—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
Music around her, and sunshine on high,  
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
“ Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below ! ”

Night on the waves ! and the moon is on high,  
Hung like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
Treading its depths in the power of her might,

And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to  
light !

Look to the waters ! asleep on their breast,  
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?  
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate  
plain !

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And that souls that are smitten, lie bursting  
within ?

Who—as he watches her silently gliding—  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever ?  
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's  
grave ?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,  
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !  
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,  
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled,  
All gladness and glory to wondering eyes,  
Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with  
sighs :

ading and false is the aspect it wears,  
as the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;  
While the withering thoughts which the world  
cannot know,  
like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
and the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished  
and o'er.

*Hervey.*

*THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.*

They grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled one home with glee :—  
Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the west,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;  
*He* was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,  
 Above the noble slain ;  
 He wrapt his colours round his breast  
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;  
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
 Beneath the same green tree ;  
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheered with song the hearth—  
 Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,  
 And nought beyond, O earth !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*THE ANGEL'S GREETING.*

"Hark! they whisper! Angels say,  
'Sister spirit, come away!'"

POPE.

Come to the land of peace!  
me where the tempest hath no longer sway,  
e shadow passes from the soul away—  
The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there!  
me to the mingling of repose and love,  
eathed by the silent spirit of the dove  
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright, and blest,  
d crowned for ever! 'midst that shining band,  
thered to Heaven's own wreath from every  
land,  
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone;  
me to thy mother! on the Sabbath shore,  
e heart that rocked thy childhood, back once  
more  
Shall take its wearied one.



In silence wert thou left ;  
Come to thy sisters ! joyously again  
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,  
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head  
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough ;  
Come to thy Father ! it is finished now ;  
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode,  
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,  
And—oh ! bright victory—death by love no place :  
Come, spirit, to thy God !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*HE WALKED WITH GOD.*

Genesis v. 24.

He walked with God, in holy joy,  
While yet his days were few ;  
The deep glad spirit of the boy  
To love and reverence grew.  
Whether, each nightly star to count,  
The ancient hills he trode,  
Or sought the flowers by stream and fount,  
Alike he walked with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,  
The full of cares and fears ;  
One voice was in his heart—the same  
It heard through childhood's years.  
Amidst fair tents, and flocks, and swains,  
O'er his green pasture-sod,  
A shepherd king on eastern plains—  
The patriarch walked with God.

And calmly, brightly, that pure life  
Melted from earth away ;  
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,  
No sorrowful decay ;  
He bowed him not, like all beside,  
Unto the spoiler's rod,  
But joined at once the glorified,  
Where angels walk with God !

So let *us* walk !—the night must come  
To us that comes to all ;  
We through the darkness must go home,  
Hearing the trumpet's call.  
Closed is the path for evermore  
Which without death he trod ;  
Not so that way, wherein of yore  
His footsteps walked with God !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.*

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?  
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured  
shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and  
in vain!  
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—What wealth  
untold,  
Far down, and shining thro' their stillness lies!  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!  
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful  
main!  
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—Thy waves  
have rolled  
Above the cities of a world gone by!

And hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry—  
Ash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play !  
Man yields them to decay.

Not more ! the billows and the depths have  
more !—  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy  
breast !  
They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
Deep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !  
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely ! those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth so  
long !  
A prayer went up through midnight's breath-  
less gloom,  
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !  
O'er the fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'er-  
thrown—  
But all is not thine own.

And thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble  
head,

*Words from the Poets.*

youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery  
crown ;  
et must thou hear a voice,—Restore the  
dead !  
th shall reclaim her precious things from  
thee !

Restore the dead, thou sea !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*CASABIANCA.*

The boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but he had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm ;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though childlike form.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, to the admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud : “ Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done ? ”  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father,” once again he cried,  
“ If I may yet be gone ? ”  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair ;  
And looked from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
“ My father, must I stay ? ”  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fire made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high ;  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea ;

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing which perished there  
Was that young faithful heart !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*THE HOUR OF PRAYER.*

Child, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently ;  
Father, by the breeze of eve  
Called thy harvest work to leave—  
Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band ;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ;

Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

- Warrior, that from battle won  
Breathest now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
Weeping on his burial-plain ;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.*

The stately homes of England !  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land !  
The deer across their greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.





The merry homes of England !  
    Around their hearths by night  
What gladsome looks of household love  
    Meet in the ruddy light !  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
    Or childish tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
    Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !  
    How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
    That breathes from Sabbath hours !  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
    Floats through their woods at morn ;  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
    Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !  
    By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
    And round the hamlet fanes.<sup>1</sup>  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
    Each from its nook of leaves ;  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
    As the bird beneath their eaves.

<sup>1</sup> Churches.

The free, fair homes of England !  
Long, long in hut and hall  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall !  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*THE FIRST GRIEF.*

“ O, call my brother back to me ;  
I cannot play alone ;  
The summer comes with flowers and bee—  
Where is my brother gone ?

“ The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track :  
I care not now to chase its flight,  
O, call my brother back !

“ The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed  
Around our garden-tree ;  
Our vine is drooping with its load ;  
O, call him back to me !

“He would not hear my voice, fair child,  
He may not come to thee ;  
The face that once like spring-time smiled  
On earth no more thou’lt see.

“A rose’s brief bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given ;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy—  
Thy brother is in heaven !”

“And has he left the birds and flowers ?  
And must I call in vain ?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again ?

“And by the brook, and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o’er ?  
O, while my brother with me played,  
Would I had loved him more !”

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*THE BETTER LAND.*

“I hear thee speak of the better land :  
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;  
Mother ! O where is that radiant shore ?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-  
boughs ?”

“Not there—not there, my child !”

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?  
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange bright birds on their starry wings  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”

“Not there—not there, my child !”

“Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”

“Not there, not there, my child !”

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy :  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair :  
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom :  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
—It is there—it is there, my child !"

*Mrs. Hemans.*

*FAREWELL TO THE WOODLANDS.*

Farewell to the woodlands, farewell to the  
bowers,  
Farewell to the home of our happiest hours,  
To pleasant companions, to mirth and to song,  
And the kind-hearted friends we have cherished  
so long :  
Our cares and our duties forbid us to stay,  
But our thoughts shall be with you wherever we  
stray ;  
And we'll long for the summer to smile on the  
plain,  
To bid us return to the woodlands again.  
  
And joyous to us shall the memories be  
That cling to the scenes where our hearts were  
so free ;

If care should perplex us, if sorrow should  
frown,  
Or weariness follow the toil of the town,  
We'll think of the days when our faces were  
bright,  
With the rambles of morn, and the songs of the  
night ;  
And cherish the hope, amid winter and rain,  
That we'll come back with summer to see you  
again.

*Mackay.*

*THE MILLER OF THE DEE.*

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,  
Beside the river Dee ;  
He work'd and sang from morn to night,  
No lark more blithe than he ;  
And this the burden of his song  
For ever used to be,—  
“ I envy nobody : no, not I,  
And nobody envies me ! ”

“ Thou'rt wrong, my friend ! ” said old  
King Hal,  
“ Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be ;  
For could my heart be light as thine,  
I'd gladly change with thee.

And tell me now what makes thee sing  
With voice so loud and free,  
While I am sad, though I'm the King,  
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doff'd his cap :  
"I earn my bread," quoth he ;  
"I love my wife, I love my friend,  
I love my children three ;  
I owe no penny I cannot pay ;  
I thank the river Dee,  
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,  
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the  
while,  
"Farewell ! and happy be :  
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,  
That no one envies thee.  
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—  
Thy mill my kingdom's fee !  
Such men as thou are England's boast,  
O miller of the Dee !"

*Mackay.*

*MY GOOD RIGHT HAND.*

I fell into grief, and began to complain ;  
I looked for a friend, but I sought him in vain ;  
Companions were shy, and acquaintance were  
cold,

They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their  
gold.

"Let them go," I exclaimed : "I've a friend at  
my side,

To lift me, and aid me, whatever betide.

To trust to the world is to build on the sand :—  
I'll trust but in Heaven and my good Right  
Hand.

My courage revived, in my fortune's despite,  
And my hand was as strong as my spirit was  
light ;

It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from  
pain :

It fed me, and clad me, again and again.

The friends who had left me came back every  
one,

And darkest advisers looked bright as the sun ;  
I need them no more, as they all understand,—  
I thank thee, I trust thee, my good Right  
Hand !

*Mackay.*



*THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.*

Up to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And He accepts the punctual hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn His ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide :  
Then here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,  
We need not toil from morn to night ;  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God !

Why should we crave a hallowed spot ?  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven ! the industrious Sun  
Already half his race hath run ;  
*He* cannot halt nor go astray,  
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the East,  
If we have faltered or transgressed,  
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,  
What yet remains of this day's course :

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,  
Our upward and our downward way ;  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final rest.

*Wordsworth.*

*TO A BUTTERFLY.*

Stay near me—do not take thy flight !  
A little longer stay in sight !  
Much converse do I find in thee,  
Historian of my infancy !  
Float near me ; do not yet depart !  
Dead times revive in thee ;  
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,  
A solemn image to my heart,  
My father's family !

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
The time, when in our childish plays,  
My sister Emmeline and I  
Together chased the butterfly !  
A merry hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey :—with leaps and springs .  
I followed on from brake to bush ;  
But she, God love her ! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.

*Wordsworth.*

#### *THE MOTHER'S RETURN.*

A month, sweet Little-ones, is past  
Since your dear Mother went away, —  
And she to-morrow will return ;  
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings ! thought of joy !  
The eldest heard with steady glee ;  
Silent he stood : then laughed amain,—  
And shouted, “ Mother, come to me ! ”

Louder and louder did he shout,  
With witless hope to bring her near ;  
“ Nay, patience ! patience, little boy !  
Your tender mother cannot hear ! ”

I told of hills, and far-off towns,  
And long, long vales to travel through ;  
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,  
But he submits ; what can he do ?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast ;  
She wars not with the mystery  
Of time and distance, night and day ;  
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy  
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly ;  
She dances, runs, without an aim,  
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,  
And echoes back his sister's glees ;  
They hug the infant in my arms,  
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,  
We rested in the garden bower :  
While sweetly shone the evening sun  
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—  
Our rambles by the swift brook's side  
Far as the willow-skirted pool,  
Where two fair swans together glide.



We talked of change, of winter gone,  
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,  
Of birds that build their nests and sing,  
And "all since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,  
To her our new-born tribes will show,  
The goslings green, the ass's colt,  
The lambs that in the meadow go.

But, see, the evening star comes forth!  
To bed the children must depart:  
A moment's heaviness they feel,  
A sadness at the heart:

—'Tis gone—and in a merry fit  
They run upstairs in gamesome race:  
I, too, infected by their mood,—  
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and O, the change!  
Asleep upon their beds they lie;  
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,  
And closed the sparkling eye.  
*By a "female friend" of Wordsworth*

LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day,  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew :  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
—The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

*The hills of  
Lucy*

“To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go ;  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father ! will I gladly do :  
’Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon !”

*She was  
obedient*

He was  
cumbered  
about his  
work  
work

At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot band;  
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke

The storm came on before its time :  
She wandered up and down ;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb :  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor :  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,  
“In heaven we all shall meet ;”  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the footmarks small ;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed ;  
The marks were still the same ;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank ;  
And farther there were none !

*again* Yet some maintain that to this day *Assar*  
She is a living child :  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

*Wordsworth.*



*WE ARE SEVEN.*

————— A simple Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl :  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,  
—Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be ? ”  
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell ; ”  
She answered, “ Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea ;  
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be ?”

Then did the little maid reply,  
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”  
The little maid replied ; [door,  
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s  
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was sister Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain,  
And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid ;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with  
And I could run and slide ; [snow,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you, then,” said I,  
“ If they two are in heaven ?”  
Quick was the little maid’s reply,  
“ Oh, master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !  
Their spirits are in heaven !”  
’Twas throwing words away ; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, “ Nay, we are seven !”

*Wordsworth.*

*TO A SKYLARK.*

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !

For thy song, Lark, is strong :

Up with me, up with me into the clouds !

Singing ! Singing !

With clouds and sky about thee ringing,

Lift me, guide me till I find

That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,

And to-day my heart is weary ;

Had I now the wings of a fairy,

Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy divine,

In that song of thine :

Lift me, guide me high and high

To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,

Thou art laughing and scorning :

Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,

And, though little troubled with sloth,

Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth

To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy Liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,  
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors and dusty ways must  
wind :  
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness, and as free of heaven,  
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
And hope for higher raptures when Life's  
day is done.

*Wordsworth.*

*THE FEMALE VAGRANT.*

My father was a good and pious man,  
An honest man, by honest parents bred :  
And I believe that, soon as I began  
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
And in his hearing there my prayers I said ;  
And afterwards, by my good father taught,  
I read, and loved the books in which I read :  
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,  
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure  
brought.

Can I forget our croft and plot of corn,  
Our garden, stored with peas, and mint, and  
thyme ;

And rose, and lily, for the Sabbath morn ?  
The Sabbath bells, with their delightful chime ;  
The gambols and wild freaks at shearing-time :  
My hen's rich nest, through long grass scarce  
espied :

The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime :  
The swans that, with white chests upheaved in  
pride,  
Rushing and racing came to meet me at the  
water side ?

The staff I yet remember which upbore  
The bending body of my aged sire ;  
His seat beneath the honied sycamore,  
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter  
fire :

When market morning came, the neat attire  
With which, though bent on haste, myself I  
decked :

Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire  
The stranger, till his barking-fit I checked :  
The red-breast, known for years, which at my  
casement pecked.

The suns of twenty summers danced along,—  
Ah ! little marked how fast they rolled away ;

But through severe mischance, and cruel wrong,  
My father's substance fell into decay ;  
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day  
When fortune should put on a kinder look :  
But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they ;  
He from his old hereditary nook  
Must part ; the summons came,—our final leave  
we took.

It was indeed a miserable hour  
When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,  
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower,  
That on his marriage-day sweet music made !  
Till then he hoped his bones might there be laid,  
Close by my mother, in their native bowers :  
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed ;  
I could not pray : through tears that fell in  
showers,  
Glimmered our dear loved home, alas ! no  
longer ours !

There was a youth whom I had loved so long,  
That when I loved him not I cannot say :  
Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless  
song  
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May :  
When we began to tire of chilkish play,  
We seemed still more and more to prize each  
other ;  
We talked of marriage, and our marriage-day,

And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
For never could I hope to meet with such  
another.

Two years were passed since to a distant town  
He had repaired to ply a gainful trade,  
What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown,  
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed !  
To him we turned :—we had no other aid :  
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept ;  
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,  
He well could love in grief : his faith he kept,  
And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

We lived in peace and comfort : and were blest  
With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.  
Three lovely babes had lain upon my breast ;  
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed  
And knew not why. My happy father died,  
When sad distress reduced the children's meal :  
Thrice happy ! that for him the grave could hide  
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,  
And tears that flowed for ills which patience  
might not heal.

The pains and plagues that on our heads came  
down,  
Disease and famine, agony and fear,  
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,



It would thy brain unsettle even to hear.  
All perished—all, in one remorseless year ;  
Husband and children! one by one, by sword  
And ravenous plague, all perished : every tear  
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board  
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored.

Peaceful as some immeasurable plain,  
By the first beams of dawning light imprest,  
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main.  
The very ocean hath its hour of rest :  
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.  
Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were !  
As quiet all within me. I was blest !  
And looked, and looked along the silent air,  
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

Ah ! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,  
And groans, that rage of racking famine spoke !  
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps !  
The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke !  
The shriek that from the distant battle broke !  
The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host  
Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke  
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick, anguish-  
tossed,  
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost !

Some mighty gulf of separation past,  
I seemed transported to another world :

A thought resigned with pain, when from the  
mast  
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,  
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly  
curled  
The silent sea. From the sweets thoughts of  
home  
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.  
For me—farthest from earthly port to roam,  
Was best, could I but shun the spot where man  
could come.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)  
That I, at last, a resting-place had found.  
‘Here will I dwell,’ said I, “my whole life  
long,  
Roaming the illimitable waters round:  
Here will I live, of every friend disowned,  
And end my days upon the ocean flood.”  
To break my dream the vessel reached its  
bound:  
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted  
food.

By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift,  
Helpless as sailor cast on some bare rock:  
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,  
Nor dared my hand at any door to knock.

I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock  
From the cross-timber of an out-house hung :  
Dismally tolled that night the city-clock !  
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,  
Nor to a beggar's language could I fit my tongue

So passed a second day, and when the third  
Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's resort.  
—In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,  
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort :  
There, pains which nature could no more  
support,  
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall,  
And after many interruptions short  
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl :  
Unsought for was the help that did my life  
recal.

Borne to an hospital, I lay with brain  
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory :  
I heard my neighbours, in their beds, complain  
Of many things which never troubled me :  
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee :  
Of looks where common kindness had no  
part :  
Of service done with careless cruelty,  
Fretting the fever round the languid heart ;  
And groans, which, as they said, might make a  
dead man start.

These things just served to stir the slumbering sense,

Nor pain, nor pity, in my bosom raised.

With strength did memory return : and thence

Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,

At houses, men, and common light amazed.

The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,

Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed ;

The travellers saw me weep, my fate enquired,

And gave me food, and rest, more welcome,  
more desired.

Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly,

With panniered asses driven from door to door,

But life of happier sort set forth to me,

And other joys my fancy to allure.

The bagpipe, dinning on the midnight-moor,

In barn uplighted ; and companions boon

Well met from far with revelry secure,

Among the forest-glades, while jocund June

Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial  
moon.

But ill they suited me—those journeys dark,

O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to  
hatch !

To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,

Or hang on tiptoe at the lifted latch.

The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,  
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,  
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,  
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill :  
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were  
brooding still.

What could I do, unaided and unblest ?  
My father ! gone was every friend of thine ;  
And kindred of dead husband are at best  
Small help ; and after marriage such as mine,  
With little kindness would to me incline.  
Ill was I then for toil or service fit,  
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine :  
In the open air forgetful would I sit  
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow  
knit.

The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields :  
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
Trusted my life to what chance-bounty yields,  
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
The ground I for my bed have often used ;  
But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth  
Is, that I have my inner self abused,  
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,  
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless  
youth.

Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,  
Through tears have seen him towards that world  
descend,

Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude :  
Three years a wanderer now my course I bend,  
Oh ! tell me whither—for no earthly friend  
Have I.—She ceased, and weeping turned away :  
As if because her tale was at an end,  
She wept :—because she had no more to say  
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit  
lay.

*Wordsworth*



*THE IDIOT BOY.*

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,  
The moon is up,—the sky is blue,  
The owlet, in the moonlight air,  
Shouts, from nobody knows where ;  
He lengthens out his lonely shout,  
Hallo ! halloo ! a long halloo !

—Why bustle thus about your door,  
What means this bustle, Betty Foy ?  
Why are you in this mighty fret ?  
And why on horseback have you set  
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy ?

Scarcely a soul is out of bed :  
Good Betty, put him down again ;  
His lips with joy they burr at you ;  
But, Betty ! what has he to do  
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein ?

But Betty's bent on her intent ;  
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,  
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,  
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,  
As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,  
No hand to help them in distress,  
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,  
And sorely puzzled are the twain,  
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,  
Where by the week he doth abide ;  
A woodman in the distant vale :  
There's none to help poor Susan Gale ;  
What must be done ? what will betide ?

And Betty from the lane has fetched  
Her pony, that is mild and good,  
Whether he be in joy or pain,  
Feeding at will along the lane,  
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—  
And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy  
Has on the well-girt saddle set  
(The like was never heard of yet)  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay  
Across the bridge, and through the dale,  
And by the church, and o'er the down,  
To bring a Doctor from the town,  
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,  
There is no need of whip or wand ;  
For Johnny has his holly-bough,  
And with a *hurly-burly* now  
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told  
The Boy, who is her best delight,  
Both what to follow, what to shun,  
What do, and what to leave undone,  
How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,  
Was, " Johnny ! Johnny ! mind that you  
Come home again, nor stop at all—  
Come home again, whate'er befall,  
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."



To this did Johnny answer make,  
Both with his head and with his hand,  
And proudly shook his bridle too ;  
And then ! the words were not a few,  
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,  
Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,  
She gently pats the Pony's side,  
On which her Idiot Boy must ride,  
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the pony moved his legs,  
Oh ! then for the poor Idiot Boy !  
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
For joy his head and heels are idle,  
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,  
In Johnny's left hand you may see,  
The green bough motionless and dead ;  
The Moon that shines above his head  
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,  
That till full fifty yards were gone,  
He quite forgot his holly whip,  
And all his skill in horsemanship,  
Oh ! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,  
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,  
Proud of herself, and proud of him,  
She sees him in his travelling trim—  
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,  
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart !  
He's at the guide-post—he turns right ;  
She watches till he's out of sight,  
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr,—now Johnny's lips they burr,  
As loud as any mill, or near it :  
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,  
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,  
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale :  
Her messenger's in merry tune :  
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,  
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,  
As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree :  
For of this Pony there's a rumour,  
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,  
And should he live a thousand years,  
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks !  
And when he thinks, his pace is slack ;  
Now, though he knows poor Johnny wel  
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell  
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,  
And far into the moonlight dale,  
And by the church, and o'er the down,  
To bring a Doctor from the town,  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,  
Is in the middle of her story,  
What speedy help her Boy will bring,  
With many a most diverting thing,  
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,  
By this time is not quite so flurried ;  
Demure with porringer and plate  
She sits, as if in Susan's fate  
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman ! She—  
You plainly in her face may read it—  
Could lend out of that moment's store  
Five years of happiness or more,  
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then  
With Betty all was not so well ;  
And to the road she turns her ears,  
And thence full many a sound she hears,  
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans :  
“ As sure as there’s a moon in heaven,”  
Cries Betty, “ he’ll be back again ;  
They’ll both be here—’tis almost ten—  
Both will be here before eleven.”

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;  
The clock gives warning for eleven :  
’Tis on the stroke—“ He must be near,”  
Quoth Betty, “ and will soon be here,  
As sure as there’s a moon in heaven.”

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,  
And Johnny is not yet in sight :—  
The moon’s in heaven, as Betty sees,  
But Betty is not quite at ease ;  
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,  
On Johnny vile reflections cast :  
“ A little idle, sauntering Thing !”  
With other names, an endless string ;  
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,  
That happy time all past and gone,  
"How can it be he is so late?  
The Doctor, he has made him wait;  
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,  
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*:  
And then there's nobody to say  
If she must go, or she must stay!—  
She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one;  
But neither Doctor nor his Guide  
Appears along the moonlight road;  
There's neither horse nor man abroad,  
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear  
Of sad mischances not a few,  
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned,  
Or lost, perhaps, and never found:  
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this,  
With, "God forbid it should be true!"  
At the first word that Susan said  
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,  
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you."

"I must be gone, I must away :  
Consider, Johnny's but half-wise ;  
Susan, we must take care of him,  
If he is hurt in life or limb——"  
"Oh, God forbid !" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do ?" says Betty, going,  
"What can I do to ease your pain ?  
Good Susan, tell me, and I'll stay :  
I fear you're in a dreadful way,  
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go ! good Betty, go !  
There's nothing that can ease my pain."  
Then off she hies ; but with a prayer  
That God poor Susan's life would spare  
Till she came back again.

So through the moonlight lane she goes,  
And far into the moonlight dale ;  
And how she ran, and how she walked,  
And all that to herself she talked,  
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,  
In great and small, in round and square,  
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,  
In bush and brake, in black and green :  
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, everywhere.

And while she crossed the bridge, then  
came

A thought with which her heart is sore—  
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,  
To hunt the moon within the brook,  
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,  
Alone amid a prospect wide ;  
There's neither Johnny nor his horse  
Among the fern or in the gorse ;  
There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

“ Oh, saints ! what is become of him ?  
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,  
Where he will stay till he is dead :  
Or, sadly he has been misled,  
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

“ Or him that wicked Pony's carried  
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall ;  
Or in the castle he's pursuing  
Among the ghosts his own undoing ;  
Or playing with the waterfall.”

At poor old Susan then she railed,  
While to the town she posts away,  
“ If Susan had not been so ill,  
Alas ! I should have had him still,  
My Johnny, till my dying day.”

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,  
The Doctor's self could hardly spare ;  
Unworthy things she talked, and wild ;  
Even he, of cattle the most mild,  
The Pony, had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,  
And to the Doctor's door she hies :  
'Tis silence all on every side ;  
The town so long, the town so wide,  
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,  
She lifts the knocker—rap, rap, rap ;  
The Doctor at the casement shows  
His glimmering eyes that peep and doze!  
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

“ Oh, Doctor ! Doctor ! where's my  
Johnny ? ”

“ I'm here, what is't you want with me ? ”

“ Oh, sir ! you know I'm Betty Foy,  
And I have lost my poor dear Boy,  
You know him—him you often see ;

He's not so wise as some folks be—— ”

“ The devil take his wisdom ! ” said

The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,

“ What, woman ! should I know of him ? ”

And, grumbling, he went back to bed !



"O, woe is me ! O, woe is me !  
Here will I die ; here will I die ;  
I thought to find my lost one here,  
But he is neither far nor near,  
Oh ! what a wretched Mother I !"

She stops, she stands, she looks about :  
Which way to turn she cannot tell.  
Poor Betty ! it would ease her pain  
If she had heart to knock again ;  
—The clock strikes three—a dismal knell

Then up along the town she hies,  
No wonder if her senses fail ;  
This piteous news so much it shocked her  
She quite forgot to send the Doctor  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,  
And she can see a mile of road ;  
"O cruel ! I'm almost threescore ;  
Such night as this was ne'er before,  
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear  
The foot of horse, the voice of man ;  
The streams with softest sound are flowing,  
The grass you almost hear it growing—  
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night  
Are shouting to each other still ;  
Fond lovers ! yet not quite hob-nob,  
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,  
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,  
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,  
A green-grown pond she just has past,  
And from the brink she hurries fast,  
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down, and weeps,  
Such tears she never shed before :  
“ Oh dear, dear Pony ! my sweet joy !  
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy !  
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more.”

A thought is come into her head :—  
“ The Pony he is mild and good,  
And we have always used him well ;  
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,  
And carried Johnny to the wood.”

Then up she springs as if on wings ;  
She thinks no more of deadly sin :  
If Betty fifty ponds should see,  
The last of all her thoughts would be  
To drown herself therein.

Oh Reader ! now that I might tell  
What Johnny and his Horse are doing !  
What they've been doing all this time,  
Oh could I put it into rhyme,  
A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps—and no unlikely thought !—  
He with his Pony now doth roam  
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,  
To lay his hands upon a star,  
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,  
His face unto his horse's tail,  
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,  
All silent as a horseman-ghost,  
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep—  
A fierce and dreadful hunter he ;  
Yon valley, now so trim and green,  
In five months' time, should he be seen,  
A desert wilderness will be !

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,  
And like the very soul of evil,  
He's galloping away, away,  
And so will gallop on for aye,  
The bane of all that dread the devil !

\* \* \* \* \*

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,  
Which thunders down with headlong force,  
Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,  
As careless as if nothing were,  
Sits upright on a feeding horse?

Unto his horse—there feeding free,  
He seems, I think, the rein to give :  
Of moon or stars he takes no heed ;  
Of such we in romances read ;  
'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live !

And that's the very Pony, too !  
Where is she, where is Betty Foy ?  
She hardly can sustain her fears ;  
The roaring waterfall she hears,  
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold :  
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy !  
She's coming from among the trees,  
And now all full in view she sees  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too ;  
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy ?  
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,  
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,  
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—  
She screams—she cannot move for joy ;  
She darts, as with a torrent's force,  
She almost has o'erturned the horse,  
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud ;  
Whether in cunning or in joy  
I cannot tell : but while he laughs,  
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs  
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the Pony's tail,  
And now is at the Pony's head,—  
On that side now, and now on this :  
And, almost stifled with her bliss,  
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;  
She's happy here, is happy there,  
She is uneasy everywhere ;  
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when  
She knows not, happy Betty Foy !  
The little Pony glad may be,  
But he is milder far than she,  
You hardly can perceive his joy.

"Oh ! Johnny, never mind the Doctor :  
You've done your best, and that is all ;"  
She took the reins, when this was said,  
And gently turned the Pony's head  
From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,  
The moon was setting on the hill,  
So pale you scarcely looked at her :  
The little birds began to stir,  
Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,  
Wind slowly through the woody dale ;  
And who is she, betimes abroad,  
That hobbles up the steep, rough road ?  
Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought ;  
And many dreadful fears beset her,  
Both for her messenger and nurse ;  
And as her mind grew worse and worse,  
Her body—it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,  
On all sides doubts and terrors met her ;  
Point after point did she discuss :  
And, while her mind was fighting thus,  
Her body still grew better.



"Alas ! what is become of them ?  
These fears can never be endured,  
I'll to the wood." The word scarce said  
Did Susan rise up from her bed,  
As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,  
And to the wood at length is come ;  
She spies her friends, she shouts a greeting  
Oh, me ! it is a merry meeting  
As ever was in Christendom !

The owls have hardly sung their last,  
While our four travellers homeward wend  
The owls have hooted all night long,  
And with the owls began my song,  
And with the owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,  
Cried Betty, "Tell us, Johnny, do,  
Where all this long night you have been,  
What you have heard, what you have seen  
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard  
The owls in tuneful concert strive ;  
No doubt too he the moon had seen ;  
For in the moonlight he had been  
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he  
Made answer, like a traveller bold,  
(His very words I give to you)  
"The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,  
And the sun did shine so cold!"  
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,  
And that was all his travel's story.

*Wordsworth.*

*STRAY PLEASURES.*

"Pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find."

By their floating mill,  
That lies dead and still,  
Behold yon prisoners three,  
The miller with two dames, on the breast of  
the Thames!  
The platform is small, but gives room for all;  
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes  
To their mill where it floats,  
To their house and their mill tethered fast:



To the small wooden isle where, their wo:  
to beguile,  
They from morning to even take whatever  
given ;—  
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,  
All alive with the fires  
Of the sun going down to his rest,  
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,  
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as fre  
While they dance on the calm river's breast.

Men and Maidens wheel,  
They themselves make the reel,  
And their music's a prey which they seize :  
It plays not for them,—what matter ? 'tis theirs  
And if they had care, it has scattered thei  
cares,  
While they dance, crying, "Long as ye please!

They dance not for me,  
Yet mine is their glee !  
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shal  
find :  
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,  
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring  
Rouse the birds, and they sing ;  
If the wind do but stir for his proper delight,  
Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss :  
Each wave, one and t' other, speeds after his  
brother ;  
They are happy, for that is their right !

*Wordsworth.*

*THE PET LAMB.*

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to  
blink ;  
I heard a voice ; it said, "Drink, pretty creature,  
drink !"   
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
A snow-white mountain-lamb, with a maiden at  
its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was  
all alone,  
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;  
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden  
kneel,  
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its even-  
ing meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his  
supper took,  
Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his  
tail with pleasure shook.  
“ Drink, pretty creature, drink,” she said in such  
a tone  
That I almost received her heart into my own.

’Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of  
beauty rare !  
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely  
pair.  
Now with her empty can the maiden turned  
away :  
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did  
she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked : and from  
a shady place  
I unobserved could see the workings of her  
face ;  
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers  
bring,  
Thus, thought I, to her lamb the little maid  
might sing :

“What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull  
so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and  
board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can  
be:

Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth  
thee?

“What is it thou wouldst seek? What is want-  
ing to thy heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful  
thou art:

This grass is tender grass: these flowers they  
have no peers:

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy  
ears!

“If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy  
woollen chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst  
gain;

For rain and mountain-storms! the like thou  
needst not fear,

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can  
come here.

“Rest, little young one, rest ; thou hast forgot  
the day

When my father found thee first, in places far  
away :

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert  
owned by none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was  
gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought  
thee home ;

A blessed day for thee ! Then whither wouldst  
thou roam ?

A faithful nurse thou hast : the dam that did  
thee yearn

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have  
been.

“Thou know’st that thrice a day I have brought  
thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever  
ran ;

And twice in the day, when the ground is wet  
with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is  
and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as  
they are now,  
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in  
the plough ;  
My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind  
is cold,  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall  
be thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest ! Poor creature, can  
it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so  
in thee ?  
Things that I know not of belike to thee are  
dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither  
see nor hear.

“Alas ! the mountain-tops that look so green  
and fair !  
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that  
come there ;  
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all  
play,  
When they are angry, roar like lions for their  
prey.

“Here thou needst not dread the raven in the  
sky ;  
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is  
hard by.  
Why bleat so after me? why pull so at thy  
chain?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee  
again !”

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy  
feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by  
line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it  
was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song,  
“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the damsel  
must belong,  
For she looked with such a look, and she spoke  
with such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own.”

*Wordsworth.*

*ADDRESS TO A CHILD  
DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.*

What way does the Wind come? What way  
does he go?

He rides over the water, and over the snow,  
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er  
rocky height,

Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding  
flight;

He tosses about in every bare tree,  
As, if you look up, you plainly may see:  
But how he will come, and whither he goes,  
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook, *Obstruction*  
And rings a sharp 'larum; but, if you should  
look,

There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow  
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,  
And softer than if it were covered with silk.  
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock.  
—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in his  
place?



Nothing but silence and empty space ;  
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,  
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves !

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me  
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will  
see

That he has been there, and made a great rout,  
And cracked the branches, and strewn them  
about :

Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright  
twig

That looked up at the sky so proud and big,  
All last summer, as well you know,  
Studded with apples, a beautiful show !

| Hark ! over the roof he makes a pause,  
And growls as if he would fix his claws  
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle  
Drive them down, like men in a battle :—  
But let him range round ; he does us no harm,  
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;  
Untouched by his breath, see the candle shines  
bright,

And burns with a clear and steady light ;  
Books have we to read,—but that half stifled  
knell,

Alas ! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed ! and when we are there  
He may work his own will, and what shall we  
care ?

He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him  
in ;

May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his  
(din).

Let him seek his own home, wherever it be ;  
Here's a cozie warm house for Edward and me.

*By a female friend of Wordsworth.*

*SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.*

She was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair :  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time's brightest, liveliest dawn.  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.  
I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;

A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death :  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel light.—

*Wordsworth.*

*THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.*

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight  
appears,  
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud—it has sung for  
three years ;  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has  
heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment : what ails her ?  
She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;  
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury  
glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheap-  
side.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the  
dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her  
pail ;  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but  
they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not  
rise,  
And the colours have all passed away from her  
eyes !

*Wordsworth.*

*ALICE FELL.*

The post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had  
drowned :

When suddenly I seemed to hear  
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,  
I heard the sound,—and more and more ;  
It seemed to follow with the chaise,  
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out ;  
He stopped his horses at the word ;  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast  
The horses scampered through the rain ;  
And soon I heard upon the blast  
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,  
“ What can it be, this piteous moan ? ”  
And there a little girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

“ My cloak ! ” no other word she spoke,  
But loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her innocent heart would burst ;  
And down from off her seat she leapt

“ What ails you, child ? ”—she sobbed, “ Look  
here ! ”

I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

'Twas twisted between nave and spoke :  
Her help she lent, and with good heed  
Together we released the cloak—  
A miserable rag indeed !

“ And whither are you going, child,  
To-night along these lonesome ways ? ”  
“ To Durham,” answered she, half wild—  
“ Then come with me into the chaise.”

She sat like one past all relief ;  
Sob after sob she forth did send  
In wretchedness, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

“ My child, in Durham do you dwell ? ”  
She checked herself in her distress,  
And said, “ My name is Alice Fell ;  
I'm fatherless and motherless.

“ And I to Durham, sir, belong : ”  
Again, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong :  
And all was for her tattered cloak !

The chaise drove on, our journey's end  
Was nigh ; and sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend,  
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post ;  
Of Alice and her grief I told,  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old.

“ And let it be of duffil gray,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell ! ”  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell !

*Wordsworth.*

*THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.*

Where art thou, my beloved son,  
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?  
Oh, find me, prosperous or undone!  
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
Why am I ignorant of the same,  
That I may rest : and neither blame  
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas ! to have received  
No tidings of an only child ;  
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,  
And been for evermore beguiled ;  
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !  
I catch at them, and then I miss ;  
Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,  
An object beauteous to behold ;  
Well born, well bred : I sent him forth  
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :  
If things ensued that wanted grace,  
As hath been said, they were not base ;  
And never blush was on my face.



Ah ! little doth the young one dream,  
When full of play and childish cares,  
What power is in his wildest scream,  
Heard by his mother unawares !  
He knows it not, he cannot guess ;  
Years to a mother bring distress ;  
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long  
From that ill thought ; and, being blind,  
Said, ' Pride shall help me in my wrong ;  
Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed : ' and that is true ;  
I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
Oh, do not dread thy mother's door ;  
Think not of me with grief and pain ;  
I now can see with better eyes ;  
And worldly grandeur I despise,  
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,  
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;  
They mount—how short a voyage brings  
The wanderers back to their delight !

Chains tie me down by land and sea ;  
And wishes, vain as mine, may be,  
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears the groan,  
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;  
Or thou upon a desert thrown  
Inheritest the lion's den ;  
Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force  
Their way to me ;—'tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Between the living and the dead ;  
For, surely, then I should have sight  
Of him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;  
I dread the rustling of the grass :  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass ;  
I question things, and do not find  
One that will answer to my mind ;  
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie

My troubles, and beyond relief :

If any chance to heave a sigh,

They pity me, and not my grief.

Then come to me, my son, or send

Some tidings that my woes may end :

I have no other earthly friend !

*Wordsworth.*

*THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.*

The days are cold, the nights are long,

The north-wind sings a doleful song ;

Then hush again upon my breast ;

All merry things are now at rest,

Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth ;

The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;

There's nothing stirring in the house

Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse.

Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;

'Tis but the moon that shines so bright

On the window-pane bedropped with rain :

Then, little Darling ! sleep again,

And wake when it is day !

*By a female friend of Wordsworth.*

*THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.*

One morning (raw it was and wet  
A foggy day in winter time)  
A woman on the road I met,  
Not old, though something past her prime :  
Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;  
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and  
gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead :  
Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;  
Proud was I that my country bred  
Such strength, a dignity so fair ;  
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate :  
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
"What is it," said I, "that you bear,  
Beneath the covert of your cloak,  
Protected from this cold damp air ?"  
She answered, soon as she the question heard  
"A simple burden, Sir, a little singing-bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,  
“ I had a son, who many a day  
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead ;  
In Denmark he was cast away ;  
And I have travelled many miles to see  
If aught which he had owned might still remain  
for me.

“ The bird and cage they both were his ;  
’Twas my son’s bird : and neat and trim  
He kept it ; many voyages  
This singing-bird had gone with him :  
When last he sail’d, he left the bird behind :  
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his  
mind.

“ He to a fellow-lodger’s care  
Had left it, to be watched and fed,  
And pipe its song in safety ;—there  
I found it when my son was dead :  
And now, God help me for my little wit !  
I bear it with me, Sir :—he took so much delight  
in it.”

*Wordsworth.*

*SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN  
WAYS.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye !  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be :  
But she is in her grave, and, oh !  
The difference to me !

*Wordsworth.*

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea ;  
Nor, England ! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time : for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire ;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played ;  
And thine, too, is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

*Wordsworth.*

*TO A BUTTERFLY.*

I've watched you now a short half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;  
And, little Butterfly ! indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless !—not frozen seas  
More motionless ! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard-ground is ours :  
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary :  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !  
Come often to us, fear no wrong ;  
    Sit near us on the bough !  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song ;  
And summer days, when we were young ;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
    As twenty days are now.

*Wordsworth.*

*THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS*

We walked along, while bright and red  
    Uprose the morning sun ;  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,  
    “ The will of God be done ! ”

A village schoolmaster was he,  
    With hair of glittering grey ;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
    On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
    And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
    A day among the hills.



“ Our work,” said I, “ was well begun :  
Then, from thy breast what thought  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought ? ”

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply :

“ Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind,  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

“ And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colours, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

“ With rod and line I sued the sport  
Which that sweet season gave,  
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short  
Beside my daughter's grave.

“ Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale ;  
And then she sang ;—she would have been  
A very nightingale.

“ Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e’er had loved before.

“ And, turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the church-yard yew,  
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew.

“ A basket on her head she bare ;  
Her brow was smooth and white ;  
To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight !

“ No fountain from its rocky cave  
E’er tripped with foot so free ;  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

“ There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine ;  
I looked at her, and looked again :  
And did not wish her mine !”

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
Methinks, I see him stand,  
As at that moment, with a bough  
Of wilding in his hand.

*Wordsworth.*

*STEPPING WESTWARD.*

[While my fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine one fine evening after sunset, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping westward?"]

"WHAT, *you are stepping westward?*" "Yea."

—'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,

If we, who thus together roam

In a strange land, and far from home,

Were in this place the guests of Chance ;

Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,

Though home or shelter he had none,

With such a sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold :

Behind, all gloomy to behold ;

And stepping westward seemed to be

A kind of *heavenly* destiny :

I liked the greeting ; 'twas a sound

Of something without place or bound :

And seemed to give me spiritual right

To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
Was walking by her native lake :  
The salutation had to me  
The very sound of courtesy :  
Its power was felt ; and while my eye  
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,  
The echo of the voice enwrought  
A human sweetness with the thought  
Of travelling through the world that lay  
Before me in my endless way.

*Wordsworth.*

*THE SOLITARY REAPER.*

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands :

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard,  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas,  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending :  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;—  
I listened, motionless and still ;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

*Wordsworth.*

*LINES WRITTEN IN MARCH.*

The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun :  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest ;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising—  
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill,  
On the top of the bare hill.  
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon  
There's joy in the mountains ;  
There's life in the fountains ;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing ;  
The rain is over and gone !

*Wordsworth.*

*THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.*

“ Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf,”  
Exclaimed an angry voice,

“ Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self  
Between me and my choice !”

A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows  
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,  
That, all bespattered with his foam,  
And dancing high and dancing low,  
Was living, as a child might know,  
In an unhappy home.

“ Dost thou presume my course to block ?  
Off, off ! or, puny Thing !  
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock  
To which thy fibres cling.”

The Flood was tyrannous and strong,  
The patient Briar suffered long,  
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,  
Hoping the danger would be past ;  
But, seeing no relief, at last,  
He ventured to reply.

“ Ah ! ” said the Briar, “ blame me not :  
Why should we dwell in strife ?  
We who in this sequestered spot  
Once lived a happy life !  
You stirred me on my rocky bed—  
What pleasure through my veins you spread !  
The summer long, from day to day,  
My leaves you freshened and bedewed :  
Nor was it common gratitude  
That did your cares repay.

“ When spring came on with bud and bell,  
Among the rocks did I,  
Before you hang my wreaths to tell  
That gentle days were nigh !  
And in the sultry summer hours,  
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers ;  
And in my leaves—now shed and gone—  
The linnet lodged, and for us two  
Chanted his pretty songs, when you  
Had little voice or none.

“ But now proud thoughts are in your breast,—  
What grief is mine you see,  
Ah ! would you think, even yet how blest  
Together we might be !



“ Though of both leaf and flower bereft,  
Some ornaments to me are left—  
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,  
With which I, in my humble way,  
Would deck you many a winter day ;  
A happy Eglantine !”

What more he said I cannot tell,  
The stream came thundering down the dell,  
With aggravated haste :  
I listened, nor aught else could hear ;  
The Briar quaked—and much I fear  
Those accents were his last.

*Wordsworth.*

*THE SANDS OF DEE.*

“ O Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o’ Dee !”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see ;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,  
And never home came she.

Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair ?  
A tress of golden hair,  
Of drownèd maiden's hair  
Above the nets at sea :  
Was never salmon got that shone so fair  
Among the stakes at Dee !

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel, crawling foam,  
The cruel, hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea :  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle  
home  
Across the sands o' Dee.

*Kingsley.*



*THE THREE FISHERS.*

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,  
Out into the West as the sun went down ;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him  
the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of  
the town ;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went  
down,  
And they looked at the squall, and they looked  
at the shower,  
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and  
brown ;  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,  
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,  
And the women are watching and wringing  
their hands,  
For those who will never come home to the  
town.  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.  
*Kingsley.*

*LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.*

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side  
On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
When first you were my bride :  
The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high—  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,  
The day is bright as then,  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again;

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath, warm on my cheek,  
And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near,  
The church where we were wed, Mary,  
I see the spire from here.  
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest—  
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends,  
But, oh ! they love the better still,  
The few our Father sends !  
And you were all I had, Mary,  
My blessin' and my pride :  
There's nothin' left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength was gone ;

There was comfort ever on *your* lip,  
And the kind look on your brow—  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
When your heart was fit to break,  
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,  
And you hid it, for *my* sake !  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true !  
But I'll not forget you, darling !  
In the land I'm goin' to ;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there—  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies ;

And I'll think I see the 'little stile  
Where we sat side by side :  
And the springin' corn, and the bright May  
morn,  
When first you were my bride.

*Lady Gifford.*

*SHATTERED IDOLS.*

Oh, shattered idols, framed of fragile glass,  
We thought were jewels ! Yet the day may  
come  
When every fragment which lies shattered now  
May turn to sapphires in the land of rest.  
We raise a palace through a waste of years,  
And think its walls are crystal in the sun  
Of this world's glory, flashing for an hour.  
We look again, and see it was but ice  
Which we have dwelt in, thawing fast away—  
At every burning grasp it melts the more.  
Blessed be he who leaves the treacherous hope  
And into heavenly crystal turns the thaw.

*Monro.*

*WE SCATTER SEEDS.*

We scatter seeds with careless hand  
And dream we ne'er shall see them more ;  
    But for a thousand years  
    Their fruit appears  
In weeds that mar the land  
    Or healthful store.

The deeds we do—the words we say  
Into still air they seem to fleet ;  
    We count them ever past—  
    But they shall last—  
In the dread judgment, they  
    And we shall meet !

*Lyra Innocentium.*

*PARISH MUSINGS.*

Christian life's no bank of roses,  
    Where we idly sit and sing,  
Till the gathering evening closes,—  
    Christian life's an earnest thing.



Full of vows, and full of labour,  
All our days fresh duties bring,  
First to God, and then our neighbour,—  
Christian life's an earnest thing.

Onward—ever onward pressing,  
Yet untired as Angel's wing,  
Believing, doing, blest and blessing,—  
Christian life's an earnest thing.

On its way-side none may linger  
Undisturbed by sorrow's sting,  
Or by judgment's warning finger,—  
Christian life's an earnest thing.

Wake then, Christian, from thy slumber,  
Evening doth its shadows bring :  
Few the hours thy day may number,—  
Christian life's an earnest thing.

*Monsell.*

*PARISH MUSINGS.*

O it is a weary life,  
Full of toils and dangers,  
Full of sorrows, full of strife,  
We in it but strangers :  
O it is a world of woe !  
Why should we so love it ?  
And prefer life's cares below  
To life's joys above it ?

Yet from care we might be free  
As the sunshine o'er us,  
And the path of life might be  
Ever bright before us,  
If we could but look beyond  
Life, to that life yonder,  
If the hearts, of earth so fond,  
Could of heaven grow fonder.

\* \* \* \*

No, 'tis not a weary life,  
Though it hath its dangers,  
If we wage the holy strife,  
If we live as strangers :  
It is not a world of woe  
If we do not love it,  
But a training heaven below,  
For the heaven above it.—*Monseil*

*GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.*

A fair little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;  
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,  
And said, " Dear Work ! Good Night ! Good  
Night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,  
Crying, " Caw ! caw ! " on their way to bed ;  
She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
" Little black things ! Good Night ! Good  
Night ! "

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed :  
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over the  
road :  
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
" Good little Girl ! Good Night ! Good  
Night ! "

She did not say to the Sun, " Good night ! "  
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light ;  
For she knew he had God's time to keep,  
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head—  
The violets curtsied, and went to bed ;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was day ;  
And all things said to the beautiful Sun,  
“ Good Morning ! Good Morning ! our work is  
begun ! ”

*Lord Houghton.*

*LABOUR.*

Pause not to dream of the future before us,  
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come  
o'er us :

Hark ! how Creation's deep musical chorus  
Unintermitting goes up into Heaven !  
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,  
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;  
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps  
glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Labour is life ! 'Tis the still water faileth,  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth :

Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon  
Labour is glory! The flying cloud lightens;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:

Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them  
in tune.

Labour is rest, from the sorrows that greet us,  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world syrens that lure us to ill.  
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy  
pillow:  
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow  
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping  
willow;

Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not—though shame, sin, and anguish are  
round thee;  
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound  
thee;  
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee:  
Rest not content in thy darkness, a clod:  
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Labour! all labour is noble and holy.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Frances Osgood.*

*THE AUTUMN EVENING.*

Behold the western evening light !

It melts in deepening gloom :  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills  
The crimson light is shed !  
'T is like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast !  
'T is like the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,  
The yellow star appears :  
So faith springs in the heart of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light  
Its glory shall restore :  
And eyelids that are sealed in death  
Shall wake to close no more.

*Peabody.*

*THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.*

" I am a Pebble ! and yield to none !"  
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone ;  
" Nor time nor seasons can alter me ;  
I am abiding, while ages flee.  
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,  
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain ;  
And the tender dew has sought to melt  
Or touch my heart ; but it was not felt.  
There's none that can tell about my birth,  
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.  
The children of men arise, and pass  
Out of the world, like the blades of grass ;  
And many a foot on me has trod,  
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.  
I am a Pebble ! but who art thou,  
Rattling along from the restless bough ?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,  
And lay for a moment abashed and mute :

She never before had been so near  
This gravelly ball, this mundane sphere :  
And she felt for a time at a loss to know  
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.  
But to give reproof of a nobler sort  
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,  
At length she said, in a gentle tone :  
“ Since it has happened that I am thrown  
From the lighter element where I grew,  
Down to another so hard and new,  
And beside a personage so august,  
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,  
And quickly retire from the sight of one  
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,  
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel  
Has ever subdued, or made to feel !”  
And soon in the earth she sank away,  
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble  
lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke  
By the peering head of an infant oak !  
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,  
The Pebble looked up, and wondering, said,  
“ A modest Acorn,—never to tell  
What was enclosed in its simple shell !  
That the pride of the forest was folded up  
In the narrow space of its little cup !  
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,  
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth !



And O, how many will tread on me,  
To come and admire the beautiful tree,  
Whose head is towering towards the sky,  
Above such a worthless thing as I !  
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,  
I have been idling from year to year.  
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word  
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,  
Till something without me or within,  
Shall show the purpose for which I've been  
The Pebble its vow could not forget,  
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

*H. Gould.*

*THE SHIP IS READY.*

Fare thee well ! the ship is ready,  
And the breeze is fresh and steady.  
Hands are fast the anchor weighing ;  
High in air the streamer's playing.  
Spread the sails—the waves are swelling  
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling.  
Fare thee well ! and when at sea,  
Think of those who sigh for thee.

When from land and home receding,  
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,  
Think of those behind, who love thee,  
While the sun is bright above thee !

Then, as down to ocean glancing,  
In the waves his rays are dancing,  
Think how long the night will be  
To the eyes that weep for thee.

When the lonely night-watch keeping,  
All below thee still and sleeping,—  
As the needle points the quarter,  
O'er the wide and trackless water,  
Let thy vigils ever find thee  
Mindful of the friends behind thee !  
Let thy bosom's magnet be  
Turned to those who wake for thee.

When with slow and gentle motion,  
Heaves the bosom of the ocean,—  
While in peace thy bark is riding,  
And the silver moon is gliding  
O'er the sky with tranquil splendour,  
Where the shining hosts attend her :  
Let the brightest visions be,  
Country, home, and friends, to thee !

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,  
Danger, wreck, and death before thee ;  
While the sword of fire is gleaming,  
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,

Then, a pious suppliant bending,  
Let thy thoughts, to Heaven ascending,  
Reach the mercy-seat, to be  
Met by prayers that rise for thee !

*H. Gould.*

*A NAME IN THE SAND.*

Alone I walked the ocean-strand ;  
A pearly shell was in my hand :  
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand  
    My name—the year—the day.  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast :  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
    And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me ;  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea

    Will sweep across the place,  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been to be no more,  
Of me—my day—the name I bore,  
    To leave nor track, nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in His hands,  
I know a lasting record stands,  
    Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part hath wrought ;  
Of all this thinking soul has thought ;  
And from these fleeting moments caught  
    For glory, or for shame.

*H. Gould.*

*THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.*

Now the growing year is over,  
And the shepherd's tinkling bell  
Faintly from its winter cover  
    Rings a low farewell :  
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,  
Where the withered beech-leaves quiver,  
O'er the dark and lazy river,  
    In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,  
Reddening in the rising sun :  
Now the flowers around the fountains  
    Perish one by one :

Not a spire of grass is growing,  
But the leaves that late were glowing,  
Now its blighted green are strowing  
With a mantle dun.

Now the torrent brook is stealing  
Faintly down the furrowed glade,  
Not, as when in winter pealing,  
Such a din is made,  
That the sound of cataracts falling  
Gave no echo so appalling,  
As its hoarse and heavy brawling  
In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering  
Round the clifted rock's bare height—  
All the bordering mountains covering  
With a dim, uncertain light :  
Now, a fresher wind prevailing,  
Wide its heavy burden sailing,  
Deepens as the day is failing,  
Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stained moon is riding  
Through the still and hazy air,  
Like a sheeted spectre gliding  
In the torch's glare :

Few the hours her light is given—  
Mingling clouds of tempest driven  
O'er the mourning face of heaven,  
All is blackness there.

*Percival.*

*THE FLIGHT OF TIME.*

Faintly flow, thou falling river,  
Like a dream that dies away ;  
Down to ocean gliding ever,  
Keep thy calm unruffled way :  
Time with such a silent motion,  
Floats along, on wings of air,  
To eternity's dark ocean,  
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither :  
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die ;  
Shapes of light are wafted hither—  
Then, like visions, hurry by :  
Quick as clouds at evening driven  
O'er the many-coloured west,  
Years are bearing us to heaven,  
Home of happiness and rest.

*Percival.*

*THE RIVER.*

O, tell me, pretty river !  
Whence do thy waters flow ?  
And whither art thou roaming,  
So pensive and so slow ?

“ My birthplace was the mountain,  
My nurse, the April showers ;  
My cradle was a fountain,  
O'er curtained by wild flowers.

“ One morn I ran away,  
A madcap, hoyden rill—  
And many a prank that day  
I played adown the hill !

“ And then, 'mid meadowy banks,  
I flirted with the flowers,  
That stooped, with glowing lips,  
To woo me to their bowers.

“ But these bright scenes are o'er,  
And darkly flows my wave,  
I hear the ocean's roar,  
And there must be my grave ! ”

*Goodrich.*

*THE FAMILY MEETING.*

We are all here !  
Father, mother,  
Sister, brother,  
All who hold each other dear.  
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home* :  
To-night let no cold stranger come ;  
It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found :  
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot:  
For once be every care forgot :  
Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
And kind Affection rule the hour :  
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here !  
Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth,  
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
Looked in, and thinned our little band :  
Some like a night-flash passed away,  
And some sank, lingering, day by day ;  
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—  
And cruel Ocean has his share—  
We're *not* all here.



*We are* all here !

E'en they—the dead—though dead, so dear ;  
Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
Brings back their faded forms to view,  
How life-like, through the mist of years,  
Each well-remembered face appears !  
We see them as in times long past :  
From each to each kind looks are cast :  
We hear their words, their smiles behold ;  
They're round us as they were of old—  
*We are* all here.

*We are* all here !

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear,  
*This* may not long of us be said :  
Soon must we join the gathered dead :  
And by the hearth we now sit round,  
Some other circle will be found.  
O ! then, that wisdom may we know,  
Which yields a life of peace below !  
So, in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
“ *We're* all—all *here* ! ”

*Sprague.*

*THE WESTERN EMIGRANT. .*

An axe rang sharply mid those forest shades  
Which from creation toward the sky had towered  
In unshorn beauty. There with vigorous arm,  
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side  
His little son, with question and response,  
Beguiled the toil. "Boy, thou hast never seen  
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant  
trunks

Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest  
thou

The mighty river, on whose breast we sailed,  
So many days, on towards the setting sun?  
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,  
Was but a creeping stream." "Father, the  
brook

That by our door went singing, where I launched  
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round  
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me  
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye  
They are as strangers. And those little trees  
My mother nurtured in the garden bound  
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant  
peach

Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,

Than this dark forest shutting out the day."

—"What, ho!—my little girl!" and with light  
step

A fairy creature hasted towards her sire,  
And, setting down the basket that contained  
His noon repast, looked upwards to his face  
With sweet, confiding smile. "See, dearest, see,  
That bright-winged paroquet, and hear the song  
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees,  
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear  
In far New England such a mellow tone?"  
—"I had a robin that did take the crumbs  
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice  
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend  
My snowdrops. I was always laughing then  
In that first home. I should be happier now,  
Methinks, if I could find among these dells  
The same fresh violets." Slow night drew on,  
And round the rude hut of the emigrant,  
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm  
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,  
And he, with head declined, sat listening long  
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,  
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he  
spake—

"Wife? did I see thee brush away a tear?  
'T was even so. Thy heart was with the halls  
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,  
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,  
Befit thee better than these rugged walls,

Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit home."  
"No—no. All was so still around, methought  
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,  
Which mid the church, where erst we paid our  
vows,

So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice  
Dissolved the illusion." And the gentle smile  
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that soothed  
Her waking infant, reassured his soul  
That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,  
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.  
Content and placid, to his rest he sank :  
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play  
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless  
wrought

Their will with him. Up rose the thronging mart  
Of his own native city—roof and spire,  
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.  
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neighed,  
The favourite dog came frisking round his feet,  
With shrill and joyous bark—familiar doors  
Flew open—greeting hands with his were linked  
In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate  
From congregated haunts, where mind with  
mind

Doth blend and brighten, and till morning  
roved

'Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

*Sigourney.*

*CONTENTMENT.*

Think'st thou the steed that restless roves,  
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,  
With wild, unbridled bound,  
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,  
On thymy bank or vernal tree,  
Intent to store her industry  
Within her waxen round ?

Think'st thou the fountain forced to turn  
Through marble vase or sculptured urn,  
Affords a sweeter draught  
Than that which, in its native sphere,  
Perennial, undisturbed, and clear,  
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,  
And wake his grateful thought ?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold  
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,  
Obtains a richer prize  
Than he who, in his cot at rest,  
Finds heavenly peace, a willing guest,  
And bears the promise in his breast  
Of treasure in the skies ?

*Sigourney.*

*SONG.*

Should sorrow o'er thy brow  
Its darkened shadows fling,  
And hopes that cheer thee now,  
Die in their early spring ;  
Should pleasure at its birth  
Fade like the hues of even,  
Turn thou away from earth,—  
There's rest for thee in heaven !

If ever life shall seem  
To thee a toilsome way,  
And gladness cease to beam  
Upon its clouded day ;  
If, like the wearied dove,  
O'er shoreless ocean driven,  
Raise thou thine eye above,—  
There's rest for thee in heaven !

But O ! if always flowers  
Throughout thy pathway bloom,  
And gayly pass the hours,  
Undimmed by earthly gloom ;

Still let not every thought  
To this poor world be given,  
Not always be forgot  
Thy better rest in heaven !

When sickness pales thy cheek,  
And dims thy lustrous eye,  
And pulses low and weak  
Tell of a time to die,—  
Sweet hope shall whisper then,  
“Though thou from earth be riven,  
There’s bliss beyond thy ken,—  
There’s rest for thee in heaven.”  
*Bright.*

*“WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?”*

What is that, Mother ?—The lark, my child !—  
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,  
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,  
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,  
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright  
sphere,  
To warble it out in his Maker’s ear.  
Ever, my child, be thy morn’s first lays,  
Tuned, like the lark’s, to thy Maker’s praise.

What is that, Mother ?—The dove, my son !—  
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,  
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
For her distant dear one's quick return :  
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,  
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother ?—The eagle, boy !—  
Proudly careering his course of joy :  
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,  
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,  
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right  
on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother ?—The swan, my love !  
He is floating down from his native grove ;  
To loved one now, no nestling nigh,  
He is floating down, by himself to die :  
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings :  
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.  
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,  
wan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

*Doane.*



*THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.*

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild raging  
sea ;

And the tempest was swelling round the fisher-  
man's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh ! come  
back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still  
slumbered,

And smiled in her face while she bended her  
knee :

"Oh ! blessed be that warning, my child, thy  
sleep adorning,

For I know that the angels are whispering  
with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er  
thy sleeping,

Oh ! pray to them softly, my baby, with me ;  
And say thou would'st rather they'd watch o'er  
thy father,

For I know that the angels are whispering  
with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father  
to see ;  
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,  
Said : " I knew that the angels were whispering  
with thee."

*Lover.*

*A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast.  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

" Oh ! for a soft and gentle wind !"  
I heard a fair one cry ;  
But give to me the swelling breeze,  
And white waves heaving high.  
The white waves heaving high, my lads,  
The good ship tight and free,  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud :  
And hark, the music, mariners !—  
The wind is wakening loud.  
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free ;  
The hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

*A. Cunningham.*

*THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.*

But are ye sure the news is true ?  
And are ye sure he's weel ?  
Is this a time to think o' wark ?  
Ye jades, fling by your wheel !

For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a' ;  
There's nae luck about the house,  
When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door ?  
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,  
And see him come ashore.

Rise up, and make a clean fireside,  
Put on the mickle pot ;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday coat.

Mak' a' their shoon as black as sloes,  
Their stockings white as snaw ;  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—  
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,  
Hae fed this month or mair ;  
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare.

My turkey slippers I'll put on,  
My stockings pearl-blue—  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
His breath's like cauler air ;  
His very foot hae music in't,  
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought  
\* In troth I'm like to greet.\*

\* "Greet"—weep.

There's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a' ;  
There's nae luck about the house,  
When our gudeman's awa !

*Mickle.*

*ROBIN REDBREAST.*

Good-bye, good-bye to Summer !  
For Summer's nearly done ;  
The garden smiling faintly,  
Cool breezes in the sun ;  
Our thrushes now are silent,  
Our swallows flown away ;  
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,  
And scarlet breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O, Robin, dear !  
Robin sings so sweetly  
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts ;  
The trees are Indian Princes,  
But soon they'll turn to ghosts ;

The leathery pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough ;  
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,  
'Twill soon be Winter now.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O, Robin, dear !  
And what will this poor Robin do ?  
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,  
The wheat-stack for the mouse,  
When trembling night-winds whistle  
And moan all round the house ;  
The frosty ways like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow—  
Alas ! in Winter dread and dark,  
Where can poor Robin go ?

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O, Robin, dear !  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer.

*Allingham.*

*I REMEMBER.*

I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window, where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn :  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs, where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday :  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh,  
To swallows on the wing.

My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now ;  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,  
The fir-trees, dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky :  
It was a childish ignorance :  
But now, 't is little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

*Hood.*

*THE MAY QUEEN.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early,  
mother dear ;  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the  
glad New-year ;  
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest  
merriest day ;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be Queen o' the May.



There's many a black black eye, they say, but  
    none so bright as mine ;  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and  
    Caroline :  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land  
    they say,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
    to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall  
    never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day begins  
    to break :  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds  
    and garlands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
    to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should  
    I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the  
    hazel-tree ?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave  
    him yesterday,—  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
    to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all  
in white,  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash  
of light.  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what  
they say,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can  
never be :  
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is  
that to me ?  
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any sum-  
mer day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the  
green,  
And you will be there, too, mother, to see me  
made the Queen ;  
For the shepherd lads on every side will come  
from far away,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its  
wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint  
sweet cuckoo-flowers ;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in  
swamps and hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the  
meadow-grass,  
And the happy stars above them seem to  
brighten as they pass ;  
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of  
the live-long day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh and green  
and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all  
the hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily  
glance and play,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me  
early, mother dear,  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the  
glad New-year:  
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest  
merriest day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be Queen o' the May.

*Tennyson.*

*NEW-YEAR'S EVE.*

If you're waking call me early, call me early,  
mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-  
year.  
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see;  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and  
think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left  
behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all  
my peace of mind:

And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I  
shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon  
the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had  
a merry day ;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made  
me Queen of May ;  
And we danced about the may-pole and in the  
hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall  
white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is  
on the pane :  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come  
again :  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come  
out on high :  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall  
elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow  
lea,

And the swallow 'ill come back again with  
summer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the moul-  
dering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that  
grave of mine,  
In the early early morning the summer sun will  
shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon  
the hill,  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all  
the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath  
the waning light,  
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields  
at night ;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs  
blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the  
bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the  
hawthorn shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I  
am lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you  
when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and  
pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive  
me now ;  
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me  
ere I go ;  
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief  
be wild,  
You should not fret for me, mother, you have  
another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my  
resting-place ;  
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look  
upon your face ;  
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken  
what you say,  
And be often, often with you, when you think  
I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-  
night for evermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold  
of the door ;

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be  
growing green :  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have  
been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary  
floor :

Let her take them : they are hers : I shall never  
garden more :

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-  
bush that I set,

About the parlour window and the box of  
mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother ; call me before the  
day is born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;

But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-  
year,

So, if you're waking, call me, call me early,  
mother dear.

*Tennyson.*



*CONCLUSION TO THE**MAY QUEEN AND NEW-YEAR'S EVE.*

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I  
am ;

And in the fields all round I hear the bleating  
of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of  
the year !

To die before the snow-drop came, and now the  
violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath  
the skies,

And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me  
that cannot rise,

And sweet is all the land about, and all the  
flowers that blow,

And sweeter far is death than life to me that  
long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the  
blessèd sun,

And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His  
will be done !

But still I think it can't be long before I find  
release :

And that good man, the clergyman, has told me  
words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his  
silver hair !

And blessings on his whole life long, until he  
meet me there !

O, blessings on his kindly heart, and on his  
silver head !

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside  
my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me  
all the sin.

Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's  
One will let me in :

Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that  
could be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died  
for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the  
death-watch beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and  
morning meet :

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your  
hand in mine,  
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the  
sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the  
angels call ;  
It was when the moon was setting, and the  
dark was over all ;  
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began  
to roll,  
And in the wild March-morning I heard them  
call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and  
Effie dear ;  
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer  
here ;  
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I  
felt resigned,  
And up the valley came a swell of music on the  
wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my  
bed,  
And then did something speak to me—I know  
not what was said ;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of  
all my mind,  
And up the valley came again the music on the  
wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, "It's not  
for them, it's mine ;"

And if it comes three times, I thought, I take  
it for a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the  
window-bars,

Then seemed to go right up to Heaven and die  
among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is.  
I know

The blessed music went that way my soul will  
have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go  
to-day.

But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am  
past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not  
to fret ;

There's many worthier than I, would make him  
happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have  
    been his wife ;  
But all these things have ceased to be, with my  
    desire of life.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are  
    in a glow ;  
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them  
    I know ;  
And there I move no longer now, and there his  
    light may shine—  
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than  
    mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere  
    this day is done  
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond  
    the sun—  
For ever and for ever with those just souls and  
    true—  
And what is life, that we should moan? why  
    make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—  
And there to wait a little while till you and  
    Effie come—

To be within the light of God, as I lie upon  
your breast—  
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
weary are at rest.

*Tennyson.*

*SONG.*

A spirit haunts the year's last hours  
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :  
    To himself he talks ;  
For at eventide, listening earnestly,  
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh  
    In the walks ;  
    Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks  
Of the mouldering flowers :  
    Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
    Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;  
    Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
    Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hushed, and close,  
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose  
    An hour before death ;  
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves  
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,  
    And the breath

Of the fading edges of box beneath,  
And the year's last rose.

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly :  
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

*Tennyson.*

### *THE DESERTED HOUSE.*

Life and Thought have gone away  
Side by side,  
Leaving door and windows wide ;  
Careless tenants they !

All within is dark as night :  
In the windows is no light ;  
And no murmur at the door,  
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,  
Or through the windows we shall see  
The nakedness and vacancy  
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away, no more of mirth  
Is here, or merry-making sound.  
The house was builded of the earth,  
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away : for Life and Thought  
Here no longer dwell ;  
But in a city glorious—  
A great and distant city—have bought  
A mansion incorruptible.  
Would they could have stayed with us !  
*Tennyson.*

*DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.*

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing ;  
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.  
Old year, you must not die ;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.



He lieth still ; he doth not move :  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above.  
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,  
And the New Year will take them away.  
    Old year, you must not go ;  
    So long as you have been with us,  
    Such joy as you have seen with us,  
    Old year, you shall not go.

\*                   \*                   \*                   \*

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er,  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.  
    Every one for his own,  
    The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
    And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,  
    Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro :  
The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
    Shake hands, before you die ;  
    Old year, we'll dearly rue for you ;  
    What is it we can do for you ?  
    Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,  
Alack ! our friend is gone ;  
Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

*Tennyson.*

*DORA.*

With Farmer Allan at the farm abode  
William and Dora. William was his son,  
And she his niece. He often looked at them,  
And often thought, " I'll make them man and  
wife."

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
And yearned towards William ; but the youth,  
because

He had been always with her in the house,  
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
When Allan called his son, and said : " My son,  
I married late, but I would wish to see  
My grandchild on my knees before I die :

And I have set my heart upon a match.  
Now therefore look to Dora : she is well  
To look to : : thrifty, too, beyond her age.  
She is my brother's daughter ; he and I  
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred  
His daughter Dora : take her for your wife,  
For I have wished this marriage night and day  
For many years." But William answered short :  
" I cannot marry Dora." Then the old man  
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :  
" You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !  
But in my time a father's word was law,  
And so it shall be now for me. Look to't :  
Consider, William ; take a month to think,  
And let me have an answer to my wish,  
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
And never more darken my doors again."  
But William answered madly, bit his lips,  
And broke away. The more he looked at her  
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;  
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before  
The month was out he left his father's house,  
And hired himself to work within the fields ;  
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan  
called :  
His niece and said : " My girl, I love you well,  
But if you speak with him that was my son,

Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
My home is none of yours. My will is law."  
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,  
"It cannot be ; my uncle's mind will change."

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
To William ; then distresses came on him :  
And day by day he passed his father's gate,  
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.  
But Dora stored what little she could save,  
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
Who sent it, till at last a fever seized  
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat  
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought  
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said  
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,  
And I have sinned, for it was all through me  
This evil came on William at the first.  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan, I am come to you ;  
You know there has not been for these five years  
So full a harvest : let me take the boy,  
And I will set him in my uncle's eye  
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad  
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound  
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.

Far off the farmer came into the field,  
And spied her not; for none of all his men  
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;  
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
But her heart failed her, and the reapers reaped  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and to  
The child once more, and sat upon the mour  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
That grew about, and tied it round his hat,  
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.  
Then when the farmer passed into the field,  
He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
And came and said: "Where were you yest  
day?"

Whose child is that? What are you doi  
here?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground  
And answered softly: "This is William's child  
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not  
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,  
"Do with me as you will, but take the child,  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gon  
And Allan said: "I see it is a trick  
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.  
I must be taught my duty, and by you!  
You knew my word was law, and yet you dai  
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;  
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried alou

And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell  
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,  
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
More and more distant. She bowed down her  
head,

Remembering the day when first she came,  
And all the things that had been. She bowed  
down

And wept in secret ; and the reapers reaped,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy  
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise  
To God that helped her in her widowhood.  
And Dora said : " My uncle took the boy ;  
But, Mary, let me live and work with you :  
He says that he will never see me more."

Then answered Mary : " This shall never be,  
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself ;  
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
His mother ; therefore, thou and I will go,  
And I will have my boy, and bring him home,  
And I will beg of him to take thee back :  
But if he will not take thee back again,  
Then thou and I will live within one house,  
And work for William's child until he grows  
Of age to help us."

So the women kissed  
Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.

The door was off the latch ; they peep'd, and  
saw

The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretched  
out

And babbled for the golden seal that hung  
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
Then they came in, but when the boy beheld  
His mother, he cried out to come to her ;  
And Allan set him down, and Mary said :

“ Oh, Father ! if you let me call you so—  
I never came a-begging for myself,  
Or William, or this child ; but now I come  
For Dora ; take her back, she loves you well.  
Oh, sir, when William died, he died at peace  
With all men ; for I asked him, and he said  
He could not ever rue his marrying me—  
I had been a patient wife : but, sir, he said  
That he was wrong to cross his father thus :  
‘ God bless him ! ’ he said, ‘ and may he never  
know

The troubles I have gone through ! ’ Then he  
turned

His face and passed—unhappy that I am !  
But now, sir, let me have my boy ; for you  
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
His father's memory ; and take Dora back,  
And let all this be as it was before.”

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
By Mary. There was silence in the room ;  
And all at once the old man burst in sobs :—  
“ I have been to blame—to blame. I have  
killed my son.  
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear  
son.  
May God forgive me !—I have been to blame.  
Kiss me, my children.”

Then they clung about  
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.  
And all the man was broken with remorse ;  
And all his love came back a hundredfold ;  
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's  
child,  
Thinking of William.

So those four abode  
Within one house together ; and as years  
Went forward, Mary took another mate ;  
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

*Tennyson.*



*A FAREWELL.*

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
Thy tribute wave deliver :  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet—then a river ;  
No where by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,  
And here thine aspen shiver ;  
And here by thee will hum the bee,  
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver ;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

*Tennyson.*

*SONG.*

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play !  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill ;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

*Tennyson.*

*THE THREE SONS.*

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,  
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind  
of gentle mould.  
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways  
appears,  
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond  
his childish years.  
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face  
is fair,  
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and  
serious air ;  
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he  
loveth me,  
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful  
fervency ;  
But that which others most admire, is the thought  
which fills his mind,  
The food for grave enquiring speech he every-  
where doth find.  
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we  
together walk ;  
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as  
children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not  
on bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and  
aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes  
perplexed

With thoughts about this world of ours, and  
thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she  
teacheth him to pray,

And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are  
the words which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to man-  
hood's years like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he  
will be ;

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his  
thoughtful brow,

I dare not think what I should feel, were I to  
lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of  
three ;

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little  
features be,

How silver sweet those tones of his when he  
prattles on my knee ;

I do not think his light blue eye is, like his  
brother's, keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his  
hath ever been ;  
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and  
tender feeling,  
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths  
of love revealing.  
When he walks with me, the country folk, who  
pass us in the street,  
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks  
so mild and sweet.  
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful  
tone,  
Will sing his little song of love, when left to  
sport alone.  
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden  
home and hearth,  
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all  
our mirth.  
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant  
his heart may prove  
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for  
earthly love;  
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching  
eyes must dim,  
God comfort us for all the love which we shall  
lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I can  
not tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where  
he is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant  
smiles were given,

And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went  
to live in Heaven.

I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he  
weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining  
seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss  
which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God  
will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he  
is now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's  
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load  
of flesh,

But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy  
for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their  
glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of  
Heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother  
dear and I),

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears  
from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss  
 can never cease ;  
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is  
 certain peace.  
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls  
 from bliss may sever,  
 But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be  
 ours for ever.  
 When we think of what our darling is, and what  
 we still must be ;  
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and  
*this* world's misery ;  
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and  
 feel this grief and pain,  
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have  
 him here again.

*Moultrie.*

*HONOR NEALE.*

\*            \*            \*            \*  
 \*            \*        A little cottage girl  
 Was Honor Neale ; and in the further west  
 Of Ireland stood her parents' lowly hut.  
 For some brief while this child was brought  
 within  
 The holy influence of a better faith  
 Than that her parents held, the faith of Rome—  
 Attending for a season at a school  
 Where the pure doctrine and the lore of Christ

Was truly taught ; and there this little child,  
Though slow to learn, yet rendered earnest  
    heed

To all she heard ; but after some short time,  
Before it could be known if that good seed  
Sown in her heart would put forth blade and  
    ear,

Her parents, whether of their own accord,  
Or urged by some suggestion from without,  
Withdrew her, and she laboured in the fields  
Beside her father. 'Twas a late wet spring,  
And she, of weakly frame, could ill endure  
To carry heavy burdens on her back,  
As she was tasked to do, till many times  
She left her labour, and, returning home,  
Sat down and cried for weariness and pain ;  
But still her mother, thinking that she made  
More of her pains than need was, in the hope  
She might be suffered to return to school,  
A wish she failed not often to express,  
Would sometimes ask her, had she then no  
    mind

To lend her father what small help she could,  
On whom the burden of a family  
Of many daughters with one only boy  
Pressed heavily—and then without a word  
She would return unto her work again.  
But soon she evidently grew too weak  
For toil, and soon too weak to leave the house,  
And illness that was doubtless to be traced



To that hard toil, had settled in her joints,  
And on her breast, long illness, full of pain.  
Three years in all it lasted ; in which while,  
In a dark corner of the cottage sitting,  
Much in her reading she improved herself,  
And of her own accord she learned by heart  
Some hymns, with which she solaced lonely  
hours ;

But chiefly was delighted when they came  
To visit her, as now they often did,  
Who with a lively interest kept in mind  
This child, sometime a pupil in their care.  
But if through gracious teaching from on high,  
And through that lengthened discipline of pain,  
In spirit she grew fitter for her change,  
In body she grew weaker day by day ;  
And by degrees her pains had so increased  
That when it was announced that she was gone,  
What could they do, who knew what she en-  
dured,  
But render hearty thanks for her release ?

Willing to speak some comfort if they might  
Unto the sorrowing, willing too to learn  
How at the last it was with this poor child,  
The friends of whom I speak, not many days  
After the tidings reached them of her death,  
Knocked at the cottage-door yet once again.  
Much was the mother at their entrance moved ;  
For all the past, associated with them,

Came to her mind ; but presently she spoke,  
And seemed to find much comfort and relief  
In talking freely of her child, and all  
Her sorrow into sympathising ears  
Outpouring, and abruptly thus began—  
“ For months before she died she slept with me,  
For I had pains and troubles of my own,  
Which would have kept me waking anyhow,  
And I was glad the others in the house,  
Who had been toiling hard the whole day long,  
And could enjoy sound sleep, should have their  
rest

Unbroken. Often in the dark dark night,  
When all the house was quiet, she would say,  
If I had risen to move her in the bed  
More times than common, or to give her drink,  
‘ Oh, mother, when you used to bid me do  
Things which I did not like, how many times  
I disobeyed you—I am much afraid  
I often vexed and grieved you at the heart.’  
‘ No, Honor, you were always a good child,’  
I answered, and ’twas nothing more than truth.  
Ah ! Sir, if she were sitting by my side,  
I should not now be praising her this way ;  
And it is rather I should grieve to think  
I did not show more tenderness to her.  
For, Honor, had I thought that you and I  
Would have to part so soon, I would have been  
Much kinder to you. She has lain awake  
For hours together, then, as if a thought

Suddenly struck her,—‘ This is not the way  
I should be praying. Mother, lift me up,  
And set the pillow under my sore knee.’  
And then she has continued so, until  
Her head grew heavy, and she asked again  
To be set down. How often in the night,  
When all is quiet in the lonesome house,  
I now stretch out my hands and feel about,  
Betwixt awake and sleeping, round the bed—  
For this now comes of course, and when my  
hands

Find nothing, feeling round in emptiness,  
Oh then it is, or when the dreary light  
Of morning comes, my grief sits heaviest on me,  
As though my loss were but of yesterday,  
So that I scarce have strength to lift my hand,  
Or go about the needful work o’ the house.  
But as the day gets forward, what with tasks  
That must be done, and neighbours coming in,  
And pleasant light of the sun, and cheerful  
sounds,

My heart grows somewhat lighter, till the weight  
Of all comes back at evening again.

The very day before she died, she said,  
‘ Dear mother, would you lift me in your arms,  
And carry me this once over the door,  
That I might look on the green fields again ?’  
The day was cold and raw—and I refused,  
Till seeing that her mind was set on this,

I wrapt the blanket round her safe and warm ;  
But when I took her in my arms, it went  
Unto my heart—I raised her with such ease !  
She had so pined and wasted, that her weight  
Was even as nothing ; but I bore her out  
Into the air, and carried her all round  
The clover-field, and showed her everything ;  
And as I brought her back she only said,  
Supposing I was wearied with her weight,  
'I never shall be asking this again.'

And the last day, the morning that she died,  
She was as usual reading in the book  
Which had been given her when she quitted  
school ;

Ah ! Sir, I have forgotten most of what  
Was in that book ; but when I call to mind  
Its beautiful words, it makes me sad to think  
That there was no such learning in my time,  
For so I might be reading now myself  
The very words that I have heard her read,  
And maybe might find comfort for my grief ;  
I know at least that she found comfort there,  
'Twas that which made her happy at the last.  
For at the first, when first her pains began,  
She could not bear to think that she was dying,  
And would grow angry if a neighbour spoke  
As though her end was near ; and the first time  
She was persuaded she should not recover,  
'Oh, mother !' she cried out in agony,

‘Where am I going? Am I going where  
I never can come back to you again,  
And shall I not talk to you any more,  
And never sit beside you, and look up  
Into your face, when you are suffering pain,  
And ask what ails you?’ Then she would at  
first

Be at some times impatient in her pains,  
And then I could do nothing to her mind.  
But for the last months of her life she seemed  
To think that each thing was too good for her,  
And any little service done by any,  
And every little present which was brought  
By a kind neighbour, was enough to make  
The thankful tears to come into her eyes.  
In all your life you never could have seen  
One young or old so willing to depart,  
Nor yet so ready; ’tis not I alone  
Say this, but one who had more right to know.

For ’twas about three weeks before the last,  
We saw that there was something on her mind,  
And questioning her, she answered that she  
wished

To see the Priest, and to confess herself  
Once more before she died. He came at once,  
And was alone with her for near an hour:  
And when he just was standing at the door,  
Ready to mount his horse, I heard him say  
Unto some neighbours that were standing by—

'I never saw a happier holier child  
Than that is, ready to depart this world.'

But then as he was taking his last leave,  
She fixed her eyes upon him with a look  
As though she had left something still unsaid.  
He asked her,—'Is there anything, dear child,  
You have forgotten which you wish to tell?  
You need not fear to speak before them all.'  
'Well, Sir,' she answered, 'I was thinking,  
then,

'Tis now about three years ago there lived  
A little orphan here, and she and I  
Were often sent into the fields together  
To tend the cows; and when 'twas cold and wet  
I many times would run into the house,  
That I might ask my mother for some food,  
Or warm myself awhile, and did not care  
To leave her out alone in all the cold:  
I hoped I might have seen her before this,  
And have her pardon asked before I died,  
For that has ever since been on my mind,  
And during all my illness troubling me;  
For had she had a mother of her own,  
She would have gone to her as stout and bold  
As I to mine, and boldly asked of her  
All that she wanted.' 'You are a happy child,  
Dying this way, and grieving so your heart  
For such a little sin;' and then he said,  
The Priest in all our hearing said, 'I wish

That I had died when I was of your age,  
So not to have more sin on me than yours  
To answer for :—these were his very words.

But I was saying that the day she died  
She had been reading for some little time,  
And then complained her eyes were growing  
dim,  
And bade me wipe them. I was just then  
sweeping

The hearth, and had made up our little fire ;  
But when I heard her speak this way, I knew  
What now was coming ; but I wiped her eyes  
As she desired—I knew it was no use,  
And presently she gave me back the book :  
'For, mother dear,' she said, 'I cannot see  
To read a single word ;' and just as though  
She felt she would not want it any more,  
Bade me to place it carefully aside,  
And, putting on the cover, set it by  
In the hand-basket. There was no one else  
In all the house, excepting she and me—  
The others all were gone unto their work.  
And now I knew the time was close at hand  
Which had been drawing on for near three  
years.

And presently I spoke to her again,  
And now she made no answer—only stretched  
Her hand out to me. I took hold of it,  
But in a moment let it go again,

And lighting the twelve tapers held them there—  
It was a custom that my mother had,  
When one was dying—so I lighted them,  
And being lighted, held them all myself,  
For there were none beside me in the house.  
But when I saw the breath was leaving her,  
I dropped them all, and by her side fell down,  
But soon recovering picked them up again,  
And held them there till they were all burned  
down,  
And as the last of them was going out  
She breathed at the same moment her last breath.

And she is gone, Sir,—but what matter now,  
What matter? She was but a little child,  
Yet Nature cannot choose but sometimes grieve,  
And must have way: why had it only been  
A stranger's child I had been rearing thus,  
And tending for now nearly fourteen years,  
My heart would needs be sad to let her go.  
But my own child, my darling Honoreen,—  
Though when I think on all things, I believe,  
That I am glad He took her to Himself;  
It may be I shall follow before long,  
For I am a poor weak creature that have seen  
Much toil and trouble. Blessed be His Name  
That took her first: if I had gone the first,  
And left her a poor cripple in the world,  
No doubt they would have all been kind to her;  
But who is like a mother?—even if they



Had wished it most, they never could have done  
What I have done for her; and then at last  
She might have wearied all their patience out.  
Then blessings be upon His holy Name,  
Who called her out of this poor sinful world, .  
And took her to Himself.

They buried her  
Down in the valley in the old churchyard,  
Beside the ruined church. I wished to go  
And see her laid within her little grave;  
'Twould have been better for me, I believe,  
If they had suffered me to go with them;  
But they were all against it, and that time  
They might have had their way in anything.  
But when I saw the little funeral  
Wind down the field, I turned and shut the  
door,  
And sitting on a stool I hid my face;  
I know not what it was came over me,  
But I grew giddy, and fell down, and struck  
My head against the corner of a chair,  
And there has been a noise there ever since.

And now I thank you. Many a journey long  
You took through wet and cold to see my child,  
And she found much of comfort in your words;  
And at the last I think was better pleased  
To go than stay. Then why should I so grieve?  
And why should I not rather feel and say,

'Twas the best nursing that I ever did,  
To nurse her and to bring her up for Him,  
Who called her to the knowledge of Himself,  
Then took her out of this poor sinful world?"

*Trench.*

*EVENING HYMN.*

To the sound of evening bells  
All that lives to rest repairs,  
Birds unto their leafy dells,  
Beasts unto their forest lairs.

All things wear an home-bound look,  
From the weary hind that plods  
Through the corn-fields, to the rook  
Sailing tow'rd the glimmering woods.

'Tis the time with power to bring  
Tearful memories of home  
To the sailor wandering  
On the far-off barren foam.

What a still and holy time !  
Yonder glowing sunset seems  
Like the pathway to a clime  
Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim, here compelled to roam,  
Nor allowed that path to tread;  
Now when sweetest sense of home  
On all living hearts is shed,

Doth not yearning sad, sublime,  
At this season stir thy breast,  
That thou canst not at this time  
Seek thy home and happy rest?

*Trench.*

*SOME MURMUR, &c.*

Some murmur, when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue.  
And some with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied.

And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How Love has in their aid  
(Love that not ever seems to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

*Trench.*

*THOU CAM'ST NOT, &c.*

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,  
It is the very place God meant for thee ;  
And should'st thou there small scope for action  
see,

Do not for this give room to discontent ;  
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent ;  
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,  
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free  
From outward hindrance or impediment.  
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find  
That without which all goodness were a task  
So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong :  
And would'st thou do one duty to His mind,  
The Imposer's—over-burdened thou shalt ask,  
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

*Trench.*

*THE KINGDOM OF GOD.*

I say to thee, do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Thro' dark ways underground he led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way  
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,  
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,  
Yet one word more—they only miss  
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,  
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,  
That to believe these things are so,  
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife  
With blessing, all with curses rife,  
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

*Trench.*

*WEEP NOT, &c.*

Weep not for broad lands lost ;  
Weep not for fair hopes crost ;  
Weep not when limbs wax old ;  
Weep not when friends grow cold ;  
Weep not that Death must part  
Thine and the best-loved heart ;  
    Yet weep, weep all thou can—  
Weep, weep, because thou art  
    A sin-defiled man.

*Trench.**THE DAY OF DEATH.*

Thou inevitable day,  
When a voice to me shall say—  
“Thou must rise and come away ;

All thine other journeys past,  
Gird thee, and make ready fast  
For thy longest and thy last—”

Day, deep-hidden from our sight  
In impenetrable night,  
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near?  
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear?  
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come, not seen before  
Thou art standing at the door,  
Saying, light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace,  
As shall leave me largest space  
To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head  
On some loved lap, round my bed  
Prayer be made and tears be shed?

Or at distance from mine own,  
Name and kin alike unknown,  
Make my solitary moan?

Will there yet be things to leave,  
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,  
From which parting it must grieve?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,  
And all loved ones gone before  
To that other happier shore?



Shall I gently fall on sleep,  
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,  
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

Or the soul long strive in vain  
To get free, with toil and pain  
From its half-divided chain?

Little skills it where or how,  
If thou comest then or now,  
With a smooth or angry brow;

Come thou must, and we must die—  
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,  
When that last sleep seals our eye.

*Trench.*

*IF SORROW, &c.*

If sorrow came not near us, and the lore  
Which wisdom—working sorrow best imparts,  
Found never time of entrance to our hearts,  
If we had won already a safe shore,  
Or if our changes were already o'er,  
Our pilgrim being we might quite forget,  
Our hearts but faintly on those mansions set,

Where there shall be no sorrow any more.  
Therefore we will not be unwise to ask  
This, nor secure exemption from our share  
Of mortal suffering, and life's drearier task—  
Not this, but grace our portion so to bear,  
That we may rest, when grief and pain are over,  
“With the meek Son of our Almighty Lover.”  
*Trench.*

*FOLLOW ME.*

Voyager on life's troubled sea,  
Sailing to Eternity,  
Turn from earthly things away ;  
Vain they are, and brief their stay :  
Chaining down to earth the heart,  
Nothing lasting they impart.  
Voyager, what are they to thee ?  
Leave them all, and follow Me.

Traveller on the road of life,  
Seeking pleasure, finding strife ;  
Know the world can never give  
Aught on which the soul can live :  
Grasp not riches, seek not fame—  
Shining dust, and sounding name.  
Traveller, what are they to thee ?  
Leave them all, and follow Me.

Wanderer from thy Father's throne,  
Hasten back—thine errands own ;  
Turn—thy path leads not to Heaven :  
Turn—thy sins will be forgiven :  
Turn—and let thy songs of praise  
Mingle with angelic lays.  
Wanderer, here is bliss for thee ;  
Leave them all to follow Me !

*Anon.*

THE END.